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THE PRAYER AT SUMTER.

WE publish herewith an illustration of one of the most striking scenes in the present national crisis—we may say in the history of the nation. The scene is described in a letter from Fort Sumter.

It is known that, on leaving Fort Moultrie, Major Anderson brought away with him the flag which he had been in the habit of hoisting over that fort. He entered Sumter on the night of 26–27th Dec., and determined to hoist the flag at noon on 27th. We give the scene in the words of an eye-witness:

"A short time before noon Major Anderson assembled the whole of his little force, with the workmen employed on the fort, around the foot of the flag-staff. The national ensign was attached to the cord, and Major Anderson, holding the end of the lines in his hands, knelt reverently down. The officers, soldiers, and men clustered around, many of them on their knees, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The chaplain made an earnest prayer—such an appeal for support, encouragement, and mercy, as one would make who felt that 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As the earnest, solemn words of the speaker ceased, and the men responded Amen with a fervency that perhaps they had never before experienced, Major Anderson drew the 'Star Spangled Banner' up to the top of the staff, the band broke out with the national air of 'Hail Columbia,' and loud and exultant cheers, repeated again and again, were given by the officers, soldiers, and workmen. 'If,' said the narrator, 'South Carolina had at that moment attacked the fort, there would have been no hesitation upon the part of any man within it about defending that flag.'"

FORT SUMTER.

BY the kindness of two officers of Major Anderson's command, who forwarded sketches to us by Lieutenant Talbot on his recent mission to Washington, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in this Number, a complete series of illustrations of Fort Sumter, the work toward which every eye in the country is now directed. We publish on page 56 an exterior view of Sumter; on page 57 a large engraving of the great battery; and on page 60 several views of the interior of the work. All of these, as we stated, are from pictures drawn, within a day or two, by officers of Major Anderson's command.

The following description of the fort is from high authority:

"Fort Sumter is a modern truncated pentagonal fort, built upon an artificial island at the mouth of Charleston harbor, three and three-eighths miles distant from the city of Charleston. The island has for its base a sand and mud bank, with a superstructure, if we may so term it, of the refuse chips from several Northern granite quarries. These rocks are firmly imbedded in the sand, and upon them the present fortification is reared. The island itself cost half a million of dollars, and was ten years in construction. The fortification cost another half a million dollars, and at the time of its occupancy by Major Anderson was so nearly completed as to admit the introduction of its armament. The walls are of solid brick and concrete masonry, built close to the edge of the water and without a berme. They are sixty feet high and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and are pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides. Its weakest point is on the south side, of which the masonry is not only weaker than that of the other sides, but it is not protected by any flank fire, which would sweep the wharf. Once landed, an entrance may, at the present state of the construction, be easily made; for the blinds of the lower embrasures, though six inches in thickness, may yet be easily blown away, and even if this was impossible, scaling ladders can reach those of the second tier, which are not protected in this manner.

"The work is designed for an armament of one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb-proof casements, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette;* the lower tier for forty-two-pounder Paixhan guns; the second tier for eight and ten inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and twenty-four-pound guns. The full armament of the fort, however, had not arrived there when Major Anderson took possession; but since its occupancy by the present garrison no efforts have been spared to place the work in an efficient state of defense, by mounting all the available guns and placing them in salient points. As we before remarked, the full armament of the fort is not in position, as only seventy-five of the one hundred and forty guns required for it are now mounted. Eleven Paixhan guns are among that number—nine of them commanding Fort Moultrie, which is within easy range, and the other two pointing toward Castle Pinckney, which is well out of range. Some of the Columbiads, the most effective weapon for siege or defensive operations, are not mounted. Four of the thirty-two-pounder barbette guns are on pivot carriages, which gives them the entire range of the horizon, and others have a horizontal sweep of fire of 180 degrees. In addition to these weightier preparations for defense, the walls are pierced every where for muskets, of which there are endless numbers ready and loaded. The magazine contains seven hundred barrels of gunpowder and an ample supply of shot, powder, and shells for one year's siege, and a large amount of miscellaneous artillery stores. The garrison is amply supplied with water from artificial wells, which are supplied by the frequent showers of rain.

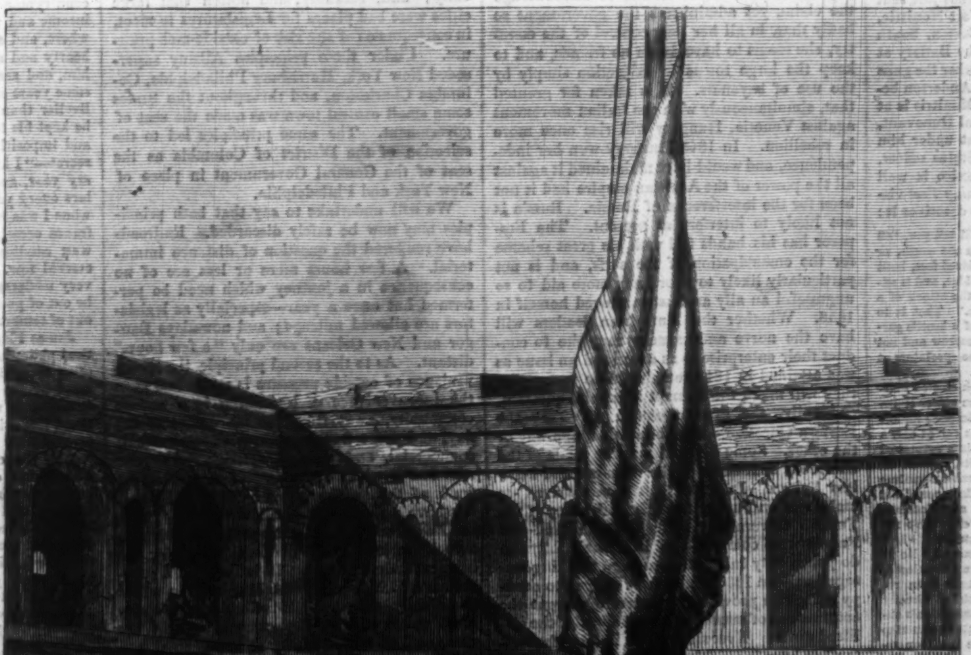
"In a defensive or strategical point of view, Fort Sumter radiates its fire through all the channels from the sea approach to Charleston, and has a full sweep of range in its rear, or city side. The fort is sufficiently out of range from a land artillery attack, so that all apprehensions for breaching it from that source may be put at rest. The maximum range of the guns from Sumter is three miles; but for accurate firing, sufficient to hull a vessel, the distance would require to be reduced one-half of that figure. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men, but only seventy-nine of that number are within its walls."

Some military men have communicated to the *Herald* a plan for taking Fort Sumter, which is likely to be adopted by the South Carolinians in the event of an attack. The *Herald* says:

"The question so often mooted, Is Fort Sumter impregnable against any attack that may be made by the South Carolina troops? we answer emphatically in the negative. In making this statement we have the opinion of an officer who has served twenty-seven years in the American army, who says the work can be carried by an assault on the south or gorge side of the fort—its weakest point—and thus force the main gateway entrance to the work, and by attacks with smaller detachments effecting an entrance through open embrasures of the fort, at which no guns are mounted. The attack would no doubt be made just before daybreak, so that the movements of the assailants would be covered by darkness. At all events, the only obstacle to the approach of a flotilla from Charleston would be exposure to the fire of a few barbette guns; and if the attacking force should be so fortunate as to gain a position within one-half a mile of the fort these guns could not be depressed enough to keep the assailants in short range; hence the defence of the fort would depend upon the musketry of the garrison, and, when the assailants shall approach near the walls of the fort, to complete the defense with hand-grenades and shells dropped from the ramparts. That the assault of Fort Sumter is fully planned we have not the slightest doubt; and that that attack, when it shall be put into execution, will be made upon the most scientific and strategical principles."

The same authority gives us the following about Columbiad guns:

"Many persons are under the impression that cannon of very large size, such as those with which Fort Sumter is armed, can do great damage at a distance of four or five miles; but such is not the fact, as ascertained by actual experiment by the United States Board of Ordnance. Commander Dahlgren, in his work on heavy artillery, has given the result. The furthest range of a hundred-pound shell, even at an elevation of thirty-five degrees given to the gun, is 4828 yards; the time of flight being thirty-five seconds. The great twelve-inch Columbiad, the largest gun made, loaded with twenty-five pounds of powder, a shell of 172 pounds, and the piece at an elevation of thirty-five degrees, has made a range only of 5409 yards, the projectile occupying thirty-two seconds in its flight. By increasing the elevation to thirty-nine degrees, only 100 yards more was gained in the range. From the same gun, with a charge of powder twenty-eight pounds, a shell of 180 pounds, and an elevation of thirty-five degrees, a range of 5671 yards has been attained; and at an elevation of thirty-nine degrees, a



THE PRAYER AT SUMTER, DECEMBER 27, 1860.

range of 5761 yards (three and a third miles), which is the greatest that has ever been accomplished by any gun in our service. The flight occupied thirty-six seconds. Charleston is therefore perfectly safe from the guns of Fort Sumter. If it were even within the farthest range of those guns, the angle of elevation necessary to accomplish such a distance is so extreme that to hit the city would be a matter of extreme uncertainty. The guns of Fort Sumter can only be raised to an elevation of thirty-three degrees, on account of the casemates, and consequently could do no damage beyond about two miles and a half.

"A ten-inch Columbiad, at an elevation of thirty-three degrees, will throw a shell about three miles. There are no such guns in barbette at Fort Sumter, and if there are any casemate guns of that calibre no such elevation could be had. The upper surface of the gun would strike against the top of the embrasure at an elevation far short of thirty-three degrees."

The garrison of the fort consists of the following United States troops:

Names.	Rank.	Regiment or Corps.	Original Entry into Service.	Born in
R. Anderson	Major	1st Artil'y.	July 1, 1825	Kentucky
S. W. Crawford	Asst. Surg'n.	Med. Staff	Mar. 10, 1851	Penn.
Abner Doubleday	Captain	1st Artil'y.	July 1, 1842	N. York
Truman Seymour	Captain	1st Artil'y.	July 1, 1846	Vermont
Theodore Talbot	1st Lieut.	1st Artil'y.	May 22, 1847	Dist. Col.
Jeff. C. Davis	1st Lieut.	1st Artil'y.	June 17, 1848	Indiana
J. N. Hall	2d Lieut.	1st Artil'y.	July 1, 1859	N. York
J. G. Foster	Captain	Engineers.	July 1, 1846	N. H.
G. W. Snyder	1st Lieut.	Engineers.	July 1, 1856	N. York
R. K. Meade	2d Lieut.	Engineers.	July 1, 1857	Virginia
Officers				10
Band				15
Artillerists				55
Total				80

FORT MOULTRIE AT PRESENT.

WE publish on page 53, from sketches just sent us from Charleston, two pictures of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, Bay of Charleston, South Carolina. One of them represents the Battery at Moultrie, opposite Fort Sumter; the other the guns and gun-carriages disabled by Major Anderson before he left. We may add that Fort Moultrie is at present under the command of General Dunovant, of the South Carolina army, and that under him is serving Major Ripley, ex United States officer, whose history of the war with Mexico is well known. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* visited Fort Moultrie last week, and thus describes it:

"Fort Moultrie is, as the newspapers will tell you, 'an inclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of a depth of about three hundred feet, built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defense, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.' That is to say, provided it is not exposed to the fire of a hostile garrison in Fort Sumter. Passing along its narrow and not very deep moat, we joined the throng of the spectators at the entrance.

"Here a couple of soldiers on guard, with crossed muskets and bayonets, blocked the way, and an officer (I believe a lieutenant) responded to many applications for admission, according few. A sick man was carted out, a quantity of newly-washed linen, a negress in a pyramidal turban of bright colors, half a dozen recruits, a bottle of whisky, and a cheese were passed in. Unable ourselves to obtain the privilege of entrance, we strolled around the fort, looking sea-ward. A more fortunate acquaintance, whom I encountered in the return to the city, gave me some few particulars as to the look of the interior.

"The cannon disabled by Major Anderson still lie in picturesque confusion, all smoke-stained and discolored, below the ramparts, though their spikes have been removed. They were twelve in number, pointed directly toward Fort Sumter, hence the gallant Kentuckian's object is apparent—the frustration of any attempt to stop him during his removal. Why they have not been replaced on gun-carriages my informant was unable to conjecture; possibly for lack of the same. All the other guns are loaded and leveled, one or two at Fort Sumter, the rest commanding what is now the only water approach to the city, Maffet's Channel, six or ten sunken vessels effectually blockading the other. Thus, any vessel endeavoring to enter the harbor against the will of the commander of Fort Moultrie, could, and probably would, be destroyed or disabled—in case that formidable Fort Sumter did not interfere.

"For the rest, all was preparation within Fort Moultrie; huge stacks of barrels of sand, covered with hides shielding the guns, the apparatus for heating shot and shell in order, the powder magazine buried in sand, sentinels on the look-out every where, and drilling in progress perpetually. That its present occupants will fight bravely and desperately, and hold it to the last extremity, admits of no question."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

OWING to the long passages which the ocean steamers are making at this season, we did not receive our advance proof-sheets of the next part of MR. DICKENS's new Novel, GREAT EXPECTATIONS, in time to have it illustrated. We therefore omit it this week. It will appear in our next Number, with the usual graphic Illustrations by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE.

SENATOR SEWARD remarked, in the course of his recent speech on the crisis, that the year 1861 would witness the renewal of a general war in Europe, waged to win precisely such a government as we enjoy. As the Senator has just returned from a widely-extended tour in Europe, in the course of which he enjoyed opportunities of intimate intercourse with leading personages in several of the greatest European nations, his opinion is entitled to weight.

There are, at present, in Europe three unsettled questions of the first importance. The first is the question of Venetia; the next, that of Hungary; the third, that of Turkey.

The Italians, now generally united under the sway of Victor Emanuel, demand that the whole peninsula, from the Alps to the Mediterranean, be united under one head. The brave but hopeless struggle which the ex-King of Naples is making at Gaeta will soon be brought to a close. As soon as Venetia is settled, the Pope will probably be disposed of, without bloodshed, by some scheme which will leave him a nominal sovereign without lay subjects, residing within the dominions of the King of Italy. But the question of Venetia can not apparently be decided without an appeal to arms. The Italians are determined that Venetia shall form part of their kingdom. The Venetians are bent on freeing themselves from a foreign yoke. Austria, on the other hand, resolutely refuses either to sell or to give away Venetia on any terms. This seems to be one of those questions which can not be settled without an appeal to arms. Some compromises have been suggested by friends of peace; but we do not hear that they have commanded much respect from either side. An appeal to force alone can settle the question; and, as both sides are preparing for it, it may be taken for granted that war will break out in April or thereabouts, and that Venetia will form part of the kingdom of Italy before the end of the summer.

Hungary also, after ten or twelve years' respite, once more steps forward to claim her independence. Austria refuses to acknowledge the claim, yet administers the government so badly that, in all her long control of the country, she seems to have made no friends, and to keep the large towns in subjection simply by the use of bayonets. It is taken for granted that, simultaneously with the Italian movement against Venetia, Hungary will rise once more in rebellion. In 1848 Hungary won her independence, and would have maintained it against all the power of the Austrian empire had it not been for the interference of Russia. Russia is not likely to interfere at present. The Emperor has his hands full with his great scheme for the emancipation of the serfs, and is not particularly likely to afford any more aid to so ungrateful an ally as Austria proved herself in 1856. Whether the Hungarian leaders will have the nerve and sagacity requisite to conduct their enterprise to as successful an issue as was attained in 1848 remains to be seen: that they will make the attempt is beyond question.

Finally, the great *Question d'Orient*—the Eastern Question—must be settled, one way or the other. Some disposal must be made of the enormous dominions of the worn-out and helpless Sultan. In 1854 Russia was driven to make war on Turkey from the imbecility of the Turkish Government. In 1856 England and France were compelled to lend their forces to do police duty in Turkey, to keep the kingdom together. In 1860 France was obliged to occupy a Turkish province in order to prevent the continuance of massacres which appalled the civilized world. Ever since 1825, in fact, the Sultan has been incapable of governing his empire, and at periodical intervals foreign powers have been compelled to interfere, either with friendly or with hostile intentions, to maintain order and check the flow of blood. It is high time that this anomalous state of things were brought to an end. We notice many indications that the Emperor of the French has determined to settle the vexed question. Whether he proposes to do so in concert with Russia or with England remains to be seen. The extensive naval armament which he is fitting out have led many to expect that he designs, at no distant day, to break with England, and to pursue a policy, in concert with Russia, which may menace British communication with India. Others, again, basing their opinions on the liberal commercial policy lately inaugurated in France, and on the abolition of the passport system, expect him to pursue the policy initiated in 1854, and to prefer the British to the Russian alliance. Whichever course he adopts, however, it seems more than probable that the year 1861 will witness the settlement, by France, in some shape or other, of this Eastern question. That that settlement must involve some fighting is quite obvious.

Thus the year bids fair to be marked with a red stain in the annals of European history. Would that we could have added—as for half a century we have been used to do, in prognosticating European wars—that while the Old World was once more plunging into bloodshed, the United States were pursuing the even tenor of their peaceful way, losing no day's work in fighting, and spilling no life by the ball or the bayonet!

WANTED—A CAPITAL.

SOME practical people, viewing the dissolution of the Union as a fixed fact, and assuming that all or nearly all the Border States will go with their Southern slave-sisters, are already casting about in search of a new capital. A leading journal suggests New York as the proper metropolis for the new United States. In the West we hear that Cincinnati has already been selected as the proper place for the capital city. Chicago has some friends; and ardent Pennsylvanians urge the claims of Philadelphia with the argument that, if the seat of government had never been removed from thence, many present difficulties would have been obviated.

This problem of the solution of a capital city is peculiarly American. In Europe, capital cities seem like the man with the wry neck, which a kindly Samaritan, finding him knocked senseless by the overthrow of a coach, was trying to straighten by vigorous torsion, and who feebly exclaimed, "Born so!" How Paris, London, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, etc., grew into capital cities, the memory of man sufficeth not to explain. Of all the European capitals, St. Petersburg is the only one which was expressly founded for the purpose of being a metropolis; and to this day, the old families in Russia speak of it as an upstart town, and recognize Moscow as the genuine capital. Victor Emanuel, of Italy, is choosing a new capital, to be sure; but then, Rome is fashioned to his hand by an experience of twenty-five hundred years.

In our old Colonial days the largest city of the colony, which was invariably a sea-port, was naturally selected as the capital; and thus New York, Boston, New Haven, Charleston, Philadelphia, enjoyed metropolitan honors. After Independence, two ideas prevailed on the capital question—first, the idea of centrality, so that members from all parts of the States should be able to reach the capital without undue difficulty; and, secondly, the notion that large cities were bad places for Legislatures to meet, in consequence of the risk of outside mob pressure. Under these principles Albany superseded New York, Harrisburg Philadelphia, Columbia Charleston, and throughout the States some small central town was made the seat of government. The same principles led to the selection of the District of Columbia as the seat of the General Government in place of New York and Philadelphia.

We will undertake to say that both principles may now be safely discarded. Railroads have rendered the question of distance immaterial. A few hours more or less are of no consequence in a journey which need be performed but once a year—especially as legislators are allowed mileage; and nowadays Bangor and New Orleans are only "a few hours" distant. As to the second principle, the inconvenience of outside pressure is much less than the inconvenience of legislating in a remote community, away from the movement of the day, and apart from the forces of intellectual, commercial, and political activity. Any one who has lived at Washington can realize the truth of this. Members of Congress in that city have no opinions at all until they receive the New York papers. People in Washington actually look to the New York papers for the news of their own city. It is New York journalism which does the thinking for the whole community—Washington included. This city is the centre of news, the centre of thought, the centre of all our commercial, intellectual, political, and national activity. Much time and much trouble would be obviated if it were also the centre of our government.

The tendency of civilization is toward centralization. This great principle we have hitherto neglected in the location of our capital cities. Perhaps it may emerge from the present imbroglio, and become generally recognized.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN ARDENS AND JAMES PLACENS.

WHY people steal umbrellas without a sense of guilt, why Old Fogeyism should be called Conservative, and why hackmen should always expect to be paid more than the legal and reasonable fare, are questions which will be found difficult to answer. It is probably not worth while to discuss them; but experience occasionally sharpens your interest in them. If, for instance, you have just paid five dollars for a fine silk umbrella, and Jones, by the most natural mistake in the world, takes it up as he goes out, and leaves in its place the substantial seventy-five cent gingham which he has just bought upon the street, you are less inclined to discuss than to do the same thing without the dis; and so, likewise, if some purblind old pair of eyes insists upon disbelieving in sunrise, you are very likely to believe that you understand the spirit which has always made difficulty in history. And when, having supposed you were to pay fifty cents for a fare, you arrive at the end of the journey and are asked to pay two dollars, you find that you have a very vivid interest in the question why the Jarveys always do so.

Now, do you know the best thing to do under the circumstances? It may not be the most heroic, nor the justest, nor the wisest; but it is the most peaceable course. Just pay it, and say nothing about it; or make only some cheerful comment, such as "Statiary's riz, ain't it?" or, "Hacks is skerce hereabouts, ain't they?" It will provoke a correspondingly cheerful smile from the coachy, and you will part the best friends in the world.

For, suppose you demur, and have your trunk on the hack, what on earth can you do, and yet preserve your dignity? Of course, if you happen to be of the Benicia family, you can settle the little bill from the shoulder; but the Jarveys are wise, and the Benicia family is not usually overcharged. You may be very sure, if coachy overcharges you it is because he is quite confident that you can't charge him over. If you say that it's too much, he says, oh no, and proves how arduous the journey has been. If you swear that it is more than the rate, he will retort that there is no rate for luggage, but only for passengers. If you declare emphatically that you will not pay it, coachy remains immovable, and so does your baggage.

There are, then, of course, but two alternatives—compromise or war. Some well-disposed and reasonable Jarveys will consent to compromise by taking only three times their legal fare; but the heroic and truculent kind stand out for all, or a confiscation of the luggage. By this time the street is aroused, and the intelligent public is looking on with interest. Again two courses present themselves—surrender or war. Mrs. Kabob, your worthy spouse, in the house, telegraphs through the window, surrender. But the valiant heart in your bosom insists upon war.

Now listen to a plain tale. The Lounger supped late in London and walked home very early in the morning with some noted Englishmen. As they parted in Pall Mall, one of the company called a cab and drove away. The next time that he met the Lounger he said to him, "By George, I had to thrash that cabby the other night." It turned out that cabby had miscalculated the muscle of his fare and overcharged, upon which his fare laid him low. The gentleman was hot and testy, and passed a good deal of his time, it appeared, in thrashing cabbies, and, finally, had his nose broken. Then he grew thin and morose, and, finally, married a large widow of fifty-five with a fortune to correspond. This was the fate of John Ardens.

James Placens, on the other hand, was a fellow-countryman of the Lounger's, who enjoyed a small income and traveled in Europe. He went every where, and saw every thing. He was bland and hearty and sincere. Every body was glad to see him, and sorry to say good-by. At length, after some years of wandering, he returned sweeter and livelier than ever. But when he was asked how he kept his temper through all the rough chances and impositions of travel, he laughingly told the secret—"I knew just how much I could spend every year, and I appropriated three hundred dollars every year to charity and cheating. I knew when I was humbugged; but I had rather pay five francs occasionally at a Swiss hotel for a pair of wax candles that I did not use, than make an eternal row. I bought civility and comfort at a very moderate rate, and I advise every traveler to be out of pocket three hundred dollars rather than out of temper half the time."

James Placens was a wise man—he was a practical philosopher. But his cousin Ludovic had another method. When he was surrounded and hectored by the mob of hack-drivers in Naples, each vociferously urging the superiority of his own carriage, Ludovic passed calmly on through the clamor, and then fixing his eye upon the most turbulent of the crowd, said, "*Si*" (Yes, I want one). The cabby, or, as an Italian, we will say, cabbaccio, was immediately profoundly deferential to Ludovic and insolently triumphant over his fellows. He led the way to his carriage, opened the door, and stood with bowed head, when Ludovic remarked, with the same calmness, "*Si, voglio—ma, ma—non posso.*" (Yes, I want a carriage, but I can't afford it.) He then bowed to cabbaccio, and passed serenely on; and never more was he molested by the importunity of Neapolitan cabbies.

The moral of these stories I always supposed to be this: in things indifferent yield rather than quarrel. You'd better pay a cabby two dollars rather than insist upon his rightful fare of fifty cents, for which you get change in a broken nose. There are who prefer the latter course, but they are not of the Placens family. There is another moral, too, indirectly conveyed: in things essential don't yield, though every bone in your body were broken. You may let a burglar break into the closet and carry off the spoons, if you don't choose to give him the chance of a shot at you; but if he is trying to break into your daughter's room, the shooting and its chances will not be all on one side.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE UPON RAILROAD EXTORTION.

THE Indignation Committee upon City Railroads, if it gets a chance, will report elsewhere, and, lest it might not get a chance, begs to report here, through the Lounger, that it is a shame and imposition to compel passengers to stand up and be incommoded in the cars. It is not a complaint of the city of New York, alone, to which your Committee invites your attention, but of every large city in the country blessed with street railroads. It is not the suffering of the owners and drivers of fine horses and carriages, tripped and racked by the iron rails in the thoroughfares, that is now contemplated by your Committee. But it is the uniform outrage of swindling honest citizens in the peace of the Commonwealth, by extorting a half dime, be the same more or less, as the price of a passage with suitable accommodations, which passage only is furnished without the accommodation.

The more moral steamers upon the North River, to Albany, announce the price of passage to be a dollar or fifty cents; but they abstain from specifying any kind of accommodation, so that if you wish to eat and sleep upon the way you must pay accordingly. But it is precisely the passage *and* seat that the city railway passenger buys when he parts with his half dime.

Again, your Committee, with the profoundest reverence for Mr. George Law, and the other gentlemen, who, being very rich, are the natural Governors of the City of New York, would respectfully inquire why the holders of one kind of property should be allowed to swindle the public more than those of another. Why should the people of any city be compelled to take less than their money's worth in order that the shareholders of city railroads should have dividends of fifteen or twenty per cent.? The omnibuses upon Broadway carry only twelve passengers—the number that they can seat. If any person persists in pushing in when the seats are full, he excites a natural indignation, and is regarded as an intruder and not a gentleman. So well established is this understanding that, when a passenger upon the street hails an omnibus which is full, the people inside call up to the driver peremptorily, "Full;" and he drives on without heeding the uplifted finger upon the sidewalk.

Now your Committee wish to know why the same rule should not regulate the system of horse-cars? When they are full—that is, when every seat is occupied, let it be the duty of the driver to do as the late lamented Davy Crockett advised, regardless of threats and oaths from the impatient candidate in the street. This is reason—this is common sense: this is the equal right of every man who has occasion to use a car; and if the holders of stock would rue such a regulation, then let it be adopted by all means. It may reduce their dividends from fifteen per cent. to twelve, but let them be made to suffer that loss rather than permitted to break their contract with the public.

Your Committee, therefore, beg leave to recommend strongly (not "to strongly recommend"), the careful consideration of Senator Ramsay's proposition in the Legislature of this State to reduce the ordinary fare from five cents to three, and to halve that rate for every passenger who is compelled to stand. As a substitute, however, your Committee would suggest that the rate of fare be continued at five cents, and that the company pay that sum to every passenger for whom that company does not furnish a seat. The matter can be arranged just as easily for cars as for omnibuses.

And your Committee, with three cheers for Senator Ramsay, will ever pray—to be delivered from all extortion.

MORE LIGHT.

It is curious and interesting to watch the progressive development in Europe of the principles of civil and religious liberty which are so dear to us Americans. The course of the French Emperor, if a tacking course, is still an advancing one; the resurrection of Italy, which will yet be fully accomplished, is one of the contemporary miracles; the completion of the system of serf-emancipation in Russia; the erection of the French Senate into a kind of independent power, and the removal of various restrictions of the press, are all signs of day, so that the new year opens with more hope than any year in history.

But the wonder of wonders is that Austria is moving. King Canute may plant his throne and bid the sea retire, but he will infallibly get his feet wet if he does not presently retire himself. The Emperor of Austria has been latterly the peculiarly well-beloved son of the venerable P. O. M., the Papa of the Faithful at Rome. Rome has used the unshrinking hand of Austria to "maintain order" in the Papal dominions. Only yesterday I saw the photograph of the soldier who saved the American family in Perugia, last year, and if he were the best of the soldiery (and he is quite a good fellow it appears), what must the worst of them have been? I do not know if he were an Austrian, but the force of Rome has been Austrian.

Then the secret history of that empire, of which Mr. Abbott gives us some of the details as they have been exposed in modern times, is as fearful and repulsive as that of imperial Rome or Bourbon France. Silvio Pellico wrote a chapter of it. But who shall tell the truth of the melancholy Spielburg? Even in the dark places the light begins to shine. Even in Austria there are some signs of sunrise.

There is to be freedom of religious worship in the Austrian dominions. Think of that, Papa Pio! The neutral relations of the different sects is to be established upon an equitable footing and "upon real love for one's neighbor." Was not that thunder, your Eminence, Cardinal Minister of State, Antonelli? Public instruction is to be promoted by every possible means, says Baron von Schmerling, the Austrian Premier; and the free development of nationalities is to be "accorded." That is vague, but it may mean something. He says, further, that every preventive interference is removed from the press. Does that mean freedom of the press? Publicity is to be introduced to the civil and penal courts. That is good, except that it would seem to be more probable that the courts are to be introduced to the public. There is also to be an extension of electoral rights and privileges.

So finely reads the programme. But a traveler of the old guard of 1848, like the Lounger, is very wary and skeptical of promised reforms in despotisms. They must come, sooner or later; but he is a wise prophet who can say exactly when Austria, too, must gradually awaken and arouse. The rising tide of popular development will float her off and on at last. Although, at the opening of the year, the most listless Lounger can see that nations are more excited than at any time within his experience—except the old Loungers who date from 1812—yet he will see, also, that in all the movements the good old cause is not set back, but that the principles of our American Fathers are becoming the faith and practice of the world.

FREAKS OF FAME.

Fame is a coy goddess. She stamps for immortality the wise and the foolish, the good and bad, alike. Washington and Benedict Arnold will walk together forever in our Revolutionary history. He who built and he who fired the temple shall be equally remembered. The goddess, indeed, has two hands, one black and the other white. Yet it is but the difference of a syllable. With one hand she seals men to be famous; with the other, infamous.

It is so that one of the peculiar associations of one of the most quaint of New England towns is to be explained. Salem is one of the decayed great sea-ports of an earlier day. Probably the first American ship sailed for Calcutta out of Salem harbor. Its merchants were an East India Company. It dealt with remote and half-fabulous lands; and from the trade its merchants accumulated half-fabulous fortunes. To this day the solitary ship that, on some summer morning, you may see standing out of the harbor, is probably going for spices, and ivory, and strange stuffs at Zanzibar. To this day you may find yourself paying for the railroad ticket that shall bring you away with a bill of the "Asiatic Bank"—the very name suggesting lacs of rupees, and rifled palaces crusted with jewels, and solid coin, and bars of Oriental gold. And still, as you walk about the narrow streets, you come upon immense square houses, mostly of brick, sometimes of wood—suburban palaces. The general aspect of silence, inaction, and decline imparts its pensive significance to these mansions. They stand upon the street and about the square with speechless rigidity, like the old Roman Senators in the Forum when the Goths came and plucked their beards. Alas! the Loungers of to-day pluck those stately houses by the beard! Where be your tradings now—your ships, your grandeur? And a mournful echo answers across the waste common, "Gone to Boston!"

Let us stop here. The text is too much like Aaron's rod, and begins to blossom with all kinds of moralization. The particular freak of fame that we had to mention is, that in this interesting, historic town, with the ancient witch-trials (they show in a bottle the pins that the witches stuck into people), the object of most universal interest to the chance traveler is the house in which Mr. White was murdered! By-and-by it will be the gable-roofed house in Union Street in which Hawthorne was born.

I remember as a boy seeing, in a lonely room of a melancholy "museum," a representation of the White murder in wax-work. It was in a glass case, and the murderer had on real clothes, and held a real dagger in his raised hand, and he wore a real glazed cap upon his head. I was always drawn to the spot and fascinated as if by a serpent; but I was always in mortal terror lest the wicked man should turn and look at me with real eyes; and to this day I never see a man in a glazed cap without wondering whether he murdered Mr. White, or whether he will not stab somebody with a dagger before he takes his cap off.

The house is one of the fine mansions; but it is built of wood, not brick. You ask at once for Brown Street, where one of the conspirators stood guard, and the whole dark story is present in your mind. Why this murder of an old man—who was of no public position, and of no especial private prominence—should be one of the most *famous* crimes in our modern history, and invest a town with a kind of ghastly interest, is a question not easily answered, until you remember that the actors were of a class in which murderers are rarely found, and that the argument against them was the greatest criminal plea of Daniel Webster. It is this last fact which explains the peculiar interest of strangers. The argument of Webster is like the most skillful romance. It has the most intense interest of description and detail, and its peroration is more truly eloquent than any part of any other of his discourses. His plea makes the scene of the murder in Salem what Scott's story makes the Tolbooth in Edinburgh—memorable and interesting, not for itself, but for the power that deals with it.

Few towns are more quaintly interesting than Salem. Yet by what a freak of fame it happens that it is noted for the gone glory of its commerce, its wretched witch-delusions, and the murder of one of its aged citizens.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

Among the means and influences of modern civilization there is one domestic instrument which has not had its due commendation, and that is the familiar piano. It stands in the parlor, a necessary piece of furniture even to families of but moderate means, ready to join its voice in leading the psalm tune, or the glee, or the love-song, or the droll ballad, or to reproduce the passionate sighs and exquisite dreams of the great composers. The piano is a fountain of sweet sounds forever gushing by the hearth-stone—a grove of fresh and fragrant melodies planted in the home and perennially blooming. It is the voice of the past and the future—a wondrous casket of tender memories: you lift the lid, and there lie the days and the loves that were!

But it is a great pity that the young people should be unwilling to play unless they can play like Thalberg or the famous players. What would become of us if the painters should decline to paint unless they could paint like Titian or Raphael? or the merchants to engage in trade except they could be Rothschilds or Barings? or the young men to study unless they could be Humboldts? When you are asked to sit down at the piano and play or sing, you are not expected to do better than any body else ever did; no, nor so well as many others. Why should you flatter yourself by the supposition that you are? If you can play simply some simple old melody, you need not trouble yourself to scramble over the keys in variations. The romance of an Irish or Scotch air is sure to enchant the audience even of the famous players and singers. Thalberg played nothing more captivating than *Home, sweet Home*; Jenny Lind sang nothing more tender and touching than *John Anderson my Jo* or *Auld Robin Gray*; and the most charming point of Flotow's opera of *Martha* is the melody of the *Last Rose of Summer*.

These things belong rather to singing than playing. But it is one of the delights of the piano that it is a voice as well as an instrument. If you have more than the common sentimental enjoyment of music, you will naturally wish to become familiar with the literature of the piano. Then you will not be content to sing at the key-board, but you will read Beethoven, and Weber, and Medelssohn, and Chopin, and Mozart there. And as you can do that only by hard study and constant practice, it is not worth while to try unless you feel that you really wish to master the instrument. You may hum upon the keys the pleasant melodies, and we shall all be grateful, even if you are unable to sing them out boldly: but no mere smattering of the great composers is tolerable. Play well, or touch not the enchanted keys, is the rule with them.

There is no mystery greater than that of an ear for music. It is inscrutable why one man should have such wonderful sensibilities of enjoyment, and his neighbor, apparently of as fine a temperament, be utterly unable to understand his delight. Color blindness is one of the recent interesting speculations. It is sight without seeing, as it were; as the want of an ear for music is hearing without perceiving. It is looking upon a language you do not understand; but he who can read it is thrilled and persuaded by an eloquence incredible to you.

And yet so many are gifted with the hearing ear that one touch of music makes the whole world kin. In mid-Africa, upon the desert, on shipboard, in lovely mountains, in gay cities, the familiar song restores the friends and the places with whom and in which it was heard, and the listener, entranced, floats homeward, wherever he may be, as the wanderer died contented as he heard at last the ringing of the evening bells of Limerick. Will they ever forget, *O Richard, O mon roi!* who have heard thy manly voice pealing out like cathedral chimes,

> "The bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ITALY'S CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Yes!—Christmas comes but once a year—
  The happier for their fates,
Who dread the ills of Christmas bills,
  And don't approve of "Waits."
There's frost upon the window-panes,
  There's snow-storm in the sky,
While underneath the blankets
  In vain to sleep I try.
For worse than saws a-setting,
  Or dogs that bay the moon,
Those horrid Waits with wheezy flute,
  Crack'd cornet and basoon.

But let me hug this comfort still,
  There are worse fates than mine;
'Tis but 'gainst single household's peace
  Our Christmas Waits combine!
But there are Waits across the sea,
  That work more wide annoy,
Whole nations keep on the *qui vive*,
  And kingdoms' peace destroy.
There's Bombalino—while her flag
  Dark France to shield him throws—
A Christmas Wait at Gaeta
  Breaks Italy's repose.

His drum ecclesiastical
  The Pope, that holy man,
A Christmas Wait, keeps beating
  From out the Vatican.
While Antonelli fills with breath
  His brazen serpents' round,
And rattles loud the begging-box
  Where Peter's Pence resound.
Poor Italy may toss and turn,
  And bid these Waits begone;
But still they breed their discord loud,
  And won't move off or on.

And, last, as if such Waits as these
  Weren't of themselves enough
To break the rest of Italy
  With rude alarms and rough—
Comes he, who darkling discord still
  Can find the means to make,
Who keeps not only Italy,
  But Europe wide awake.
No Christmas Wait like him who plants
  At Rome his red-legged band,
Whose tricolor at Gaeta
  Helps Bombalino's stand.

Clerical News.—The Bishop of Rochester has written to the Clergy of Colchester, intimating that he shall suspend any Parson who eats an oyster with its beard on.

AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

New Dressed à la Tartare.

The Tartar heap are scattered like sheep,
  E'en San-ko-lin-tsin can't find them;
May the Allies come home, and let Pekin alone,
  But *not* leave their *taels* behind them.

The Scotch Exile's Song.—"How happy could I be with Heather!"

AUSTRIAN PAPER MONEY.

Poor Austria, her finances are so tight,
Where she should sky a copper, flies a kite.

A Cardinal Virtue that the Pope wants.—Resignation.

Affection in Man and Woman.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

A CHEER FOR ELGIN.

He has done his work featly, adroitly, completely,
  So saith *Mr. Punch*, unaccustomed to flatter;
And except that the welkin don't rhyme to Lord Elgin,
  The former should ring with the praise of the latter.

An eccentric Suicide.—At Lecure, near Havre, France, a cap was seen in the water with a string of corks around it, and a label upon which was written, "Pull the string, I am at the end of it!" The string was pulled, and sure enough there was the late writer of the label, with a paper, detailing the cause of his having made away with himself, carefully corked up in a bottle in his pocket, with his name and address.

A lawyer, on circuit, dropped a ten-pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, Sir; you have lost something."—"Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note."—"Well, Sir, I have found it, and here it is."—"Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you."—"No, Sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

A priest, proceeding to the chapel one Sunday morning through the burial-ground, observed several sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there. "Nothing at all, plaze yer riverence," was the reply of one of them. "Nothing!" said he. "What is nothing?" "Shut your eyes, your riverence," retorted one of the girls, "and you'll see it."

Husbands and letter-paper should always be well ruled.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Your cabman is the most aspiring of mortals: no matter what his rank may be, he is always looking for a hire.

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

Even a puffing tradesman sometimes underrates himself; his cheap port, "twenty years in bottle," turns out to be elder; his sherry to be Madeira (made-here-O!).

If the schoolmaster is still abroad, why does not he come home and educate the ignorant?

Who cares to know the pedigree of a London sausage?

Animal instinct is one of the most extraordinary things under the sun. Why should a sheep cut capers in a turnip field?

Nature is dependent on Art. What is beauty without soap?

When you want to borrow, it is astonishing the number of *short* people you meet.

How he saved a Shilling.—A journeyman weaver took to his employer a piece of cloth he had just finished. Upon examination, two holes but half an inch apart were found, for which a fine of two shillings was demanded. "Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?" asked the workman.—"Yes—a shilling for every hole, big or little."—Whereupon the workman immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming, "That'll save a shilling, any how." His employer was so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the whole fine at once.

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife; "a sect of women philosophers has just sprung up."—"Indeed!" said Jane; "and what do they hold?"—"The strangest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

The man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give way, let him lie upon his own liabilities until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

Dobbs (who is a jolly old bachelor) and a bright young lady acquaintance were bantering each other about marriage. "Oh," said she, "you'll get married one of these days, I know; and you'd have me now, if I would wait for you."—"You'd have to wait until my second childhood, then," said Dobbs. "Well, I shouldn't have long to wait," was the quick repartee from the lady.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a bootmaker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?"—"Alas, things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

Pulley, the engineer's young man, declares that he always works the better the more wages he receives.—A good *screw*, he says, is the best propeller.

"Will you do as we do on Christmas-day?" inquires Mr. Jasper of a very troublesome acquaintance, who is "fishing" for an invitation. "Oh, with pleasure!"—"Dine at home, then."

"How many tunes can you play?" asks Timmins of a street fiddler. "Any you like to call for." "Can you play Beautiful Star?" "Yes." "Old Dog Tray?" "Yes." "Polly, put the Kettle on?" "Yes." "Evening Hymn?" "Yes." "Then play them all together, for I'm in a hurry!"

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon the water.

A hopeful schoolmaster says he has a *pupil in his eye*. Our best wish is, he may never have a *vacancy* for one.

A man asked another, whom he was about to help to some chicken, whether he wished a leg or a wing. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other. "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork, and resuming his own dinner.

A man's hat has but one nap on it; his bed has a new one every night.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

Many a man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles.

When two gentlemen fight a duel, each of them is a man after the other's own heart.

Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent if you said her children were pretty?

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.

A Genius.—"Can you draw, young man?" inquired Quilp, of an applicant for a private tutorship.—"Certainly," replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw cider; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, a hand-cart, loaded with cabbages; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better."—"You'll do," said Quilp.

Why can not the Emperor Napoleon insure his life?—Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

A San Francisco paper states that a system of wife-stealing has been developed among the Chinese of that city, which seems to be carried on upon some recognized and semi-legal principle that the Celestials understand and accept. If a wife be once fairly carried off, that seems to be the end of the matter, the bereaved husband's only chance of solace being confined to his hopes of carrying off somebody else's wife.

The Machine Goes by Steam.—There is a story of one of the hangers-on who get offices because they need them, and had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had no knowledge. The day after his appointment a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine-room and its machinery, where they found the new office-holder on duty merely as usher, practical engineers doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer." "How many horse-power is your engine?" "Horse-power!" replies greeny, with a look of mingled pity and contempt, "don't you know the machine goes by steam?"

In a recent case for assault the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones there were in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

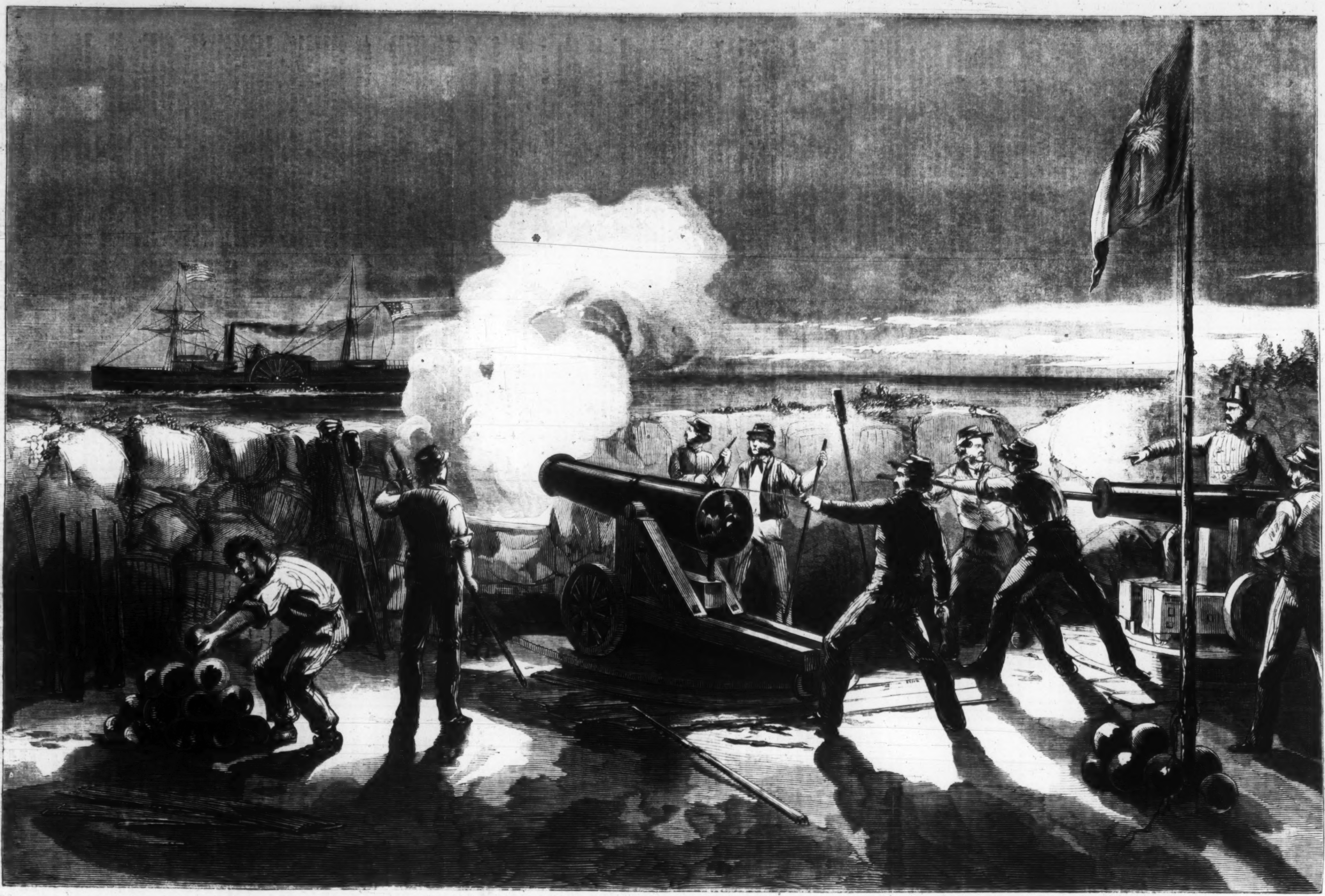
If some men's bodies were not straighter than their minds they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

A Quandary.—If a person catch hold of your ear, and demand if he has the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

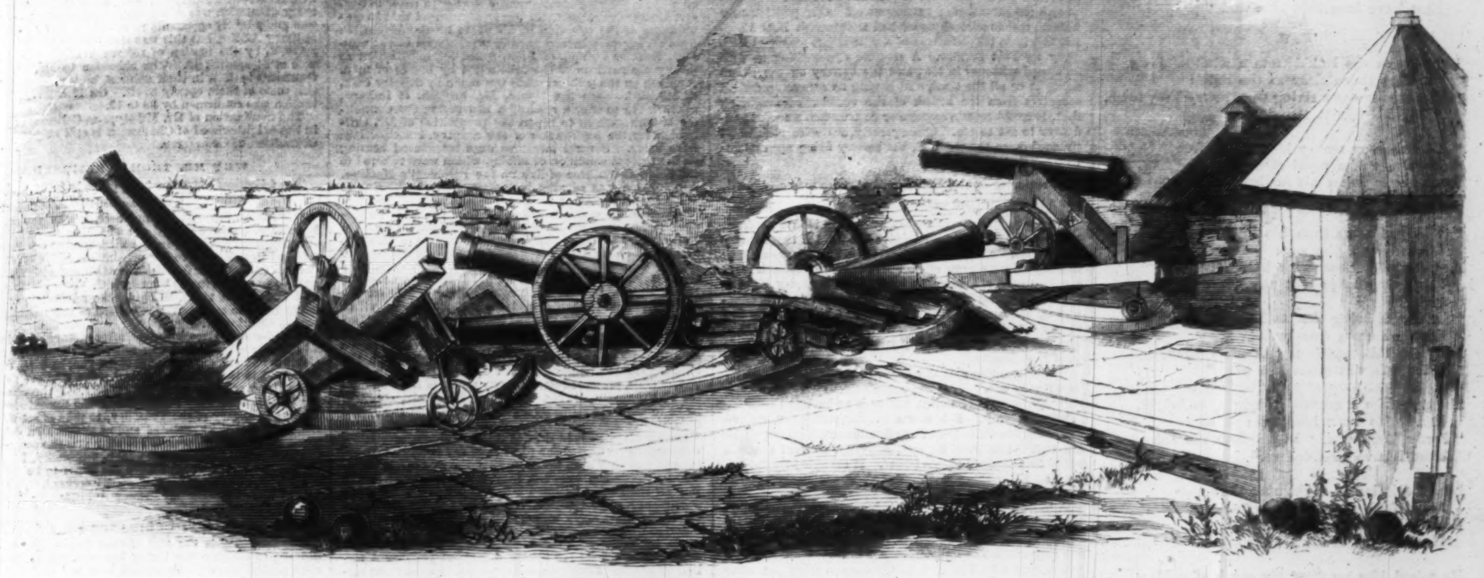
A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

As soldiers in the march of life, we may never learn to mark time, but time never fails to mark us.

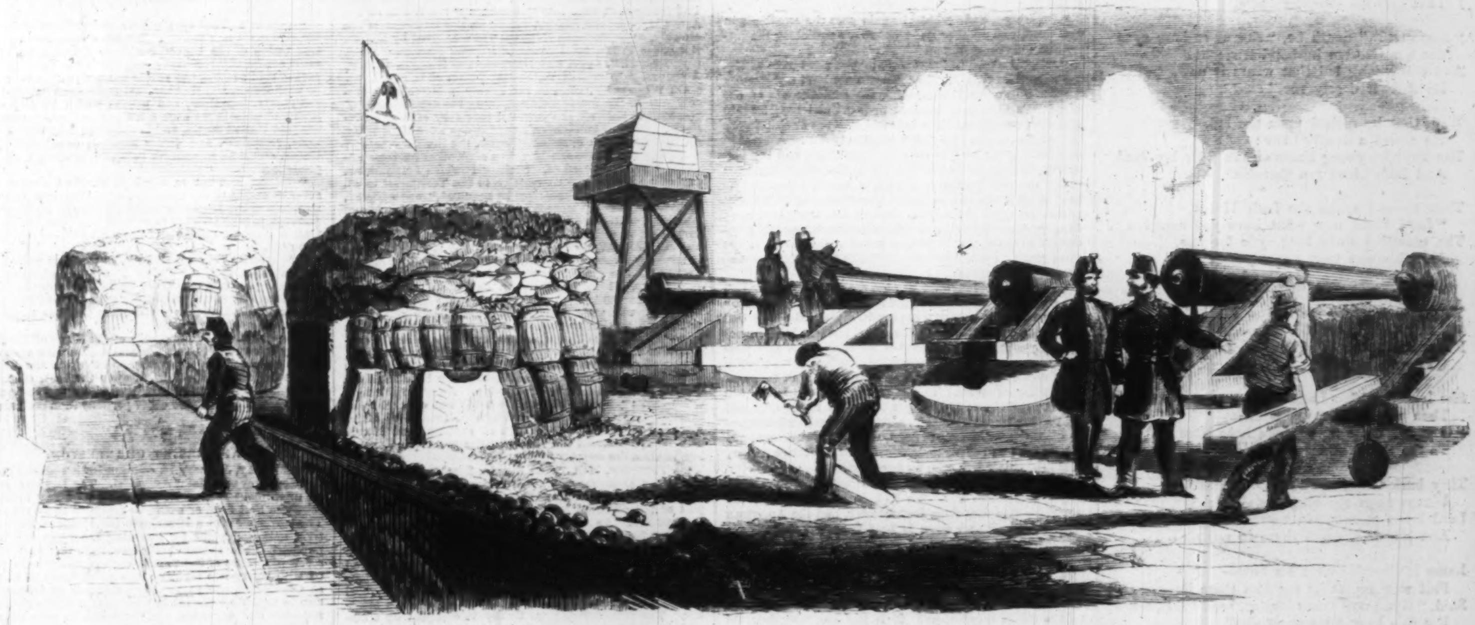
A Designing Character.—An Architect.



FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST" FROM THE SOUTH CAROLINA BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND, JANUARY 10, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



GROUP OF GUNS AND GUN CARRIAGES DISMANTLED BY MAJOR ANDERSON AT FORT MOULTRIE.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 50.]



BATTERY AT FORT MOULTRIE, BEARING ON FORT SUMTER.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

THE DEATH OF ŒNONE.

I.

Now many a rolling month was gone,
  And years were past away,
And Paris he dwelt in merry Troy town,
  He and his lady gay.

The lady Œnone sate in her bower,
  Nursing her sorrow and teen;
Ivy and briony twined her round,
  And vine-leaves nodded between.

All pale and wan was that lone lady,
  And thrice she deeply sighed:
"'Tis long, 'tis long for a knight to be
  Away from his own true bride.

"But here yestreen came the wild woman,
  That redeth things to come,
And up the mountain-side she ran,
  And away from her Trojan home.

"She spake me words so keen, so keen,
  And shriek'd one deadly shriek:
And now I know the town below
  Will fall by hand of Greek.

"And they will slay my traitor lord,
  Their hands in his blood they will wet:
Now, by my fay," said the lone lady,
  "I'll save my shepherd yet."

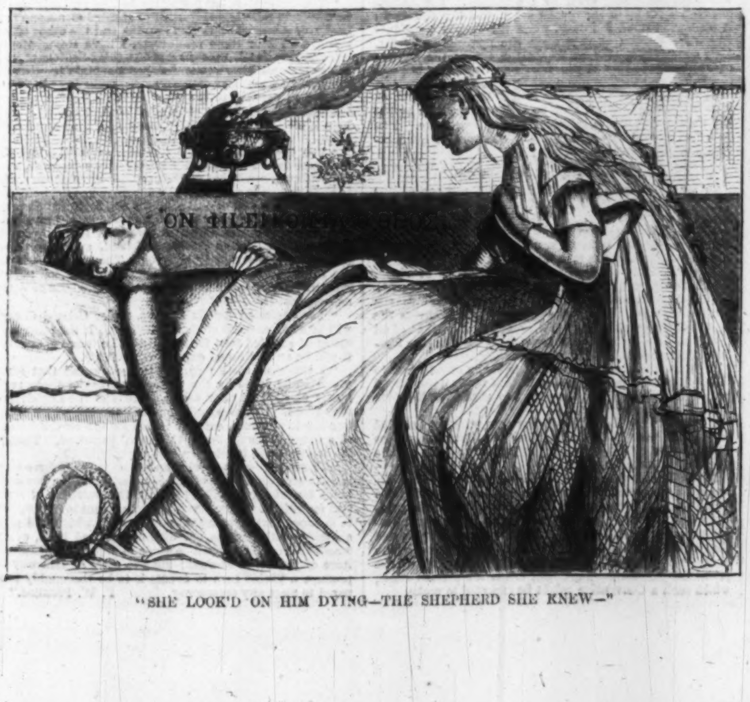
With that she clapt her lily-white hands,
  Her lily-white hands clapt she,
And to her came running her sweet young son,
  The boy was fair to see.

All men might tell that scann'd him well
  He came of a royal race—
By the eyes below his forehead of snow,
  And the light of his godlike face.

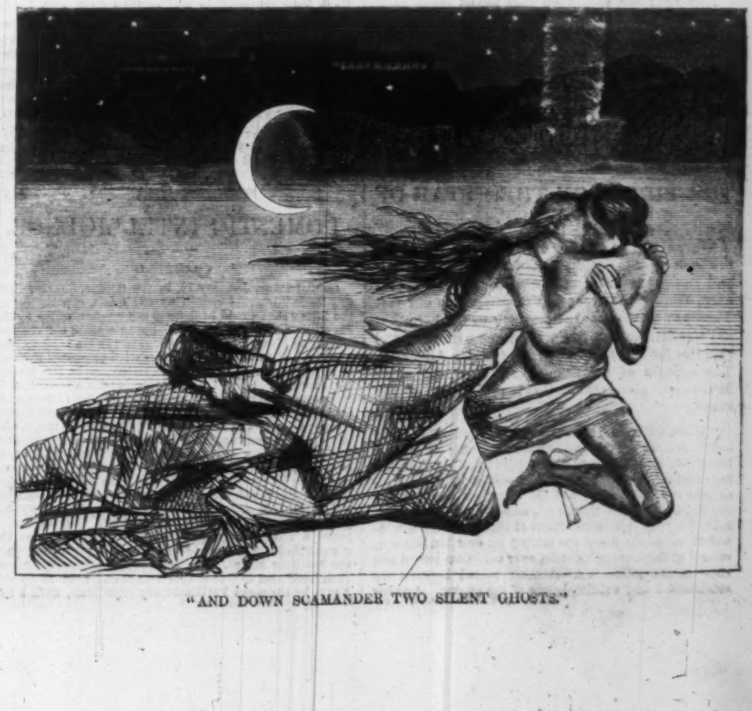
Twice seven summers on Ida hill,
  And all with his lone, lone mother;
And all with the goats and painted pards,
  For a sister and a brother.

"Now hie thee, hie thee, my winsome lad,
  And tell your traitor sire,
The Greek will take Troy town so gay,
  And burn it in the fire.

"The wild woman she redd it to me,
  In sooth as I you say:
And yet there are days but two and three
  And the Greek will have his way.



"SHE LOOK'D ON HIM DYING—THE SHEPHERD SHE KNEW—"



"AND DOWN SCAMANDER TWO SILENT GHOSTS."

"But tell him the wild wood twinkles green,
And waves the tall fir-tree;
And the hills might keep a shepherd, I ween,
That have long kept thee and me, my son,
That have long kept thee and me."

II.

Lady Helen she look'd from a window down,
Her face shone clear as the light:
"Now who comes walking thro' merry Troy town,
A boy full fair to the sight.

"All men may see by his bearing free
He comes of a royal race—
By the eyes below his forehead of snow,
And the charm of his godlike face."

"O lady, I come from Ida hill,
In sooth as I you say;
And I would speak with Lord Paris?
Fair lady, say me not nay."

"Lo, I will bring thee to Lord Paris,
For thou art a comely lad;
And take this mantle thy shoulder upon,
I doubt it will make him glad."

She gave him a mantle so bright, so bright,
Her hands wove long ago;
"Pardy," she said, "he will love the lad
That I have engirded so."

Lord Paris lay in a chamber dark,
Apart from his Grecian wife:
He saw the very comeliest lad
He had seen in all his life.

He raised him up from his couch of gold,
He spoke the boy full fair;
Ay me, and spied the mantle bright
That girt his shoulder there.

"Some trifle," quoth he, "she wove long syne
For her Grecian husband true;
And this young lad that wears it now,
He shall it dearly rue."

With that he rushed upon the lad,
He aimed a deadly blow:
The straight young limbs on the floor lay dead,
And life's blood ran therefro.

Then up and spake the Lady Helen,
"Lord Paris, now what have you done?
The mantle I wove long syne for you,
And this was your sweet young son."

III.

They told his lone mother on Ida hill,
At the setting of the sun:
Never a sigh nor a shriek she utter'd—
Of mother's tears there was none.

She looked with no word out over the sea,
Then when the day was done—
"O gods! come never more help from me
To the slayer of my young son!"

They buried the boy by salt-sea shore,
Waves came soothing his sleep;
Lord Paris at eventide wander'd forth,
And laid him down there to weep.

Lame Philoctetes bent his bow—
Full well might he see him there lie—
Said, "Greet now brave Hector, Lord Paris, below,
For this hour thou shalt die."

He smote him right into the traitor heel,
Smote him there as he lay.
"Now bear me to Ida," said Lord Paris,
"With all the speed ye may.

"The lady Œnone hath cunning and skill,
Never leech so mighty as she;
And if to save me she but will,
This arrow is harmless to me."

But the gods had heard her bitter prayer,
Then when the day was done:
And good came never more forth from her
To the slayer of her young son.

She look'd on him dying—the shepherd she knew—
And then she look'd on him dead:
"A false, false-hearted man he was,
But he was fair," she said.

When the stars began to look out from heaven,
A corpse by his side she lay:
And down Scamander two silent ghosts
Slode into the evening gray.

THE FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

WE publish on page 52 a fine illustration of the firing on the *Star of the West* from the Morris Island Battery, Harbor of Charleston, on 10th January, 1861. The event was mentioned in our last Number; and it is only necessary to say here that she was on her way to Fort Sumter with men and supplies for the reinforcement of Major Anderson. The captain of the *Star of the West*, by name M'Gowan, gives the following account of the event:

"When we arrived about two miles from Fort Moultrie—Fort Sumter being about the same distance—a masked battery on Morris Island, where there was a red Palmetto flag flying, opened fire upon us—distance, about five-eighths of a mile. We had the American flag flying at our flag-staff at the time, and, soon after the first shot, hoisted a large American ensign at the fore. We continued on under the fire of the battery for over ten minutes, several of the shots going clean over us. One passed just clear of the pilot-house. Another passed between the smoke-stack and walking-beams of the engine. Another struck the ship just abaft the fore-rigging, and stove in the planking; and another came within an ace of carrying away the rudder. At the same time there was a movement of two steamers from near Fort Moultrie—one of them towing a schooner (I presume an armed schooner)—with the intention of cutting us off. Our position now became rather critical, as we had to approach Fort Moultrie to within three-fourths of a mile before we could keep away for Fort Sumter. A steamer approaching us with an armed schooner in tow, and the battery on the island firing at us all the time, and having no cannon to defend ourselves from the attack of the vessels, we concluded that, to avoid certain capture or destruction, we would endeavor to get to sea. Consequently, we wore round and steamed down the channel, the battery firing upon us until their shot fell short."

A reporter of the *Evening Post*, who was on board, thus describes the scene:

"On we go; the soldiers are below with loaded muskets, and the officers are ready to give the word if there is any thing to do. Now it is broad daylight, and we are making directly into the guns of Fort Moultrie, whose black walls are distinctly visible. The little steamer at our right is burning a signal light aft, and is making all possible headway up the harbor. Now we discover a red Palmetto flag at our left on Morris Island, a little village called Cummings Point, and apparently but little more than a mile from Fort Sumter.

"'Is it possible that those fellows have got a battery off here?' asks one.

"'No,' answers another, 'there is no battery there.'

"But there is. It is now a quarter past seven, and we are about two miles from Forts Sumter and Moultrie, which are equidistant from us, and, suddenly, whiz-z! comes a *richochet* shot from Morris Island. It plunges into the water and skips along, but falls short of our steamer. The line was forward of our bow, and was, of course, an invitation to stop. But we are not ready to accept the proffered hospitality, and the captain pays no attention to it, except to run up the stars and stripes at the mast-head—a garrison flag which was on board. A moment of anxious suspense, and bang! goes a heavy cannon from the same masked battery. The shot falls short of us a hundred yards or more, and bounds clean over our vessel aft, nearly on a line with the head of a sailor, but luckily a little above it.

"On we go, and—whiz-z! again goes the smaller gun first fired, and another *richochet* shot skips along the water and falls short of us.

"'Bosh,' exclaims the captain; 'you must give us bigger guns than that, boys, or you can not hurt us.'

"On we go, without heeding the compliments of our Charleston friends. Another moment and bang! again goes the heavy gun. The ball now strikes our ship in the fore chains, about two feet above the water. A seaman was holding the lead to take the soundings, and the ball struck directly under his feet. It is not surprising that, under the circumstances, Jack was strongly inclined to take to his heels, and he begins to scramble up with might and main, when the captain assures him that there is no danger, one ball having struck so near him; on the principle, I suppose, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Jack, reassured, patiently takes his place and drops the lead again.

"The ball, fortunately, was too far spent to go through the side of our vessel, although it left an honorable scar.

"The battery continues to play upon us, and a huge ball comes clean over us, near the wheel-house. We are not yet within range of the guns of Fort Moultrie, and yonder is a cutter in tow of a steamboat, preparing to open fire upon us. A moment longer, and we shall be in range of these three batteries. The gunners on Morris Island are growing confident; if they get the right range they will send a shot through our side, scattering death and destruction. Moultrie, directly in front, will bring her heavy guns to bear, and will drive their deadly missiles into our bow, while the cutter will open on our right.

"Why does not Major Anderson open fire upon that battery and save us? We look in vain for help; the American flag flies from Fort Sumter, and the American flag at our bow and stern is fired upon, yet there is not the slightest recognition of our presence from the fort from which we look for protection. The unexpected battery on Morris Island has cut off all hope of escape by running the vessel aground near Sumter and taking to the boats. Is it possible that Fort Sumter has been taken by the South Carolinians? If it has not, why does not Major Anderson show that he will protect us, or at least recognize us in some way? To go within range of the guns of Fort Moultrie is to expose vessel, men, and stores to almost instant destruction, or to capture by the enemy.

"'Helm out of port!' shouts the Captain, and the *Star of the West* is turned about without any great loss of time, as you may well imagine. We turn without accident, and steam away, with the stars and stripes still floating, and the battery still playing upon us by way of a parting salute."

A person who was on Morris Island at the time of the firing thus describes the excitement:

"The shots were fired by the Citadel Cadets, under command of Major Stephens, who has thus had the honor, which he so much coveted, of opening the impending conflict. Major Stephens is at the head of the State Military Academy, which occupies the Charleston Citadel. He is apparently about thirty-five years of age, with rather thin black hair, black and heavy beard, and large black eyes. He is about the medium size, of lithe form, with quick, nervous motions. His guns were directed at the steamer with scientific accuracy, and even the shot which failed to strike the ship fell very near her. Her flag was pulled down, and she immediately retreated. She was struck certainly three times, and perhaps five. The last shot which took effect was fired after she had turned to go out. The steamer was seen to shoot forward with a jerk the instant this shot struck her. Two balls were seen to strike her hull; one just forward of her wheel-house, the other upon the larboard quarter."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Saturday, January 12, in the Senate, Senator Seward made his great speech on the crisis, expatiating on the injury that would be done to the whole country by the dissolution of the Union, and offering certain concessions, which are given below. The Senate was crowded to hear him, and all the diplomatic corps were present. Nothing of importance was done after he ended.——In the House, Mr. Clark, of Missouri, asked leave to offer a resolution in reference to the reported occupation of the Government buildings at St. Louis by United States troops, and moved a suspension of the rules; but objections were made, and the resolution was not entertained. The Speaker laid before the House a letter from the Mississippi delegation, announcing their withdrawal from Congress. An attempt was made by Southern members to have their names, and those of the South Carolina delegation, stricken from the roll of the House, but it did not succeed. The Navy Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and a long debate followed a motion to strike out all appropriations, on the ground that the Navy was to be used to make war upon the seceding States. The Southern members announced their intention to defeat appropriations for the Army and Navy, by the usual Parliamentary expedients, until a full debate could be had. A compromise, however, was finally effected, on an agreement that a three days' debate should take place on the Army Appropriations, and the Navy bill was allowed to pass.

On Monday, 14th, in the Senate, Senator Bigler presented a bill embracing a compromise similar in tenor to Senator Crittenden's. Senator Brown announced that in consequence of the secession of his State he should abstain from taking part in any further proceedings of the Senate. Senator Grimes, of Iowa, asked for information as to any obstructions of the Mississippi by bodies of men. A speech on the political crisis was made by Senator Polk, of Missouri.——In the House, Mr. English, of Indiana, asked leave to offer a resolution instructing the Committee of Thirty-three to report the proposition of Mr. Crittenden for the pacification of the country, but objections were made. Several measures were introduced bearing on the present condition of affairs, which were referred to the Select Committee of five on the President's Message. A resolution was adopted instructing that committee to consider and report as soon as possible upon that portion of the Message which recommends that a vote of the people be taken upon the great questions at issue between the North and South. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, made an effort to appoint to-day for the consideration of the bill providing for the organization and discipline of the militia of the District of Columbia, but he failed by one vote. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation Bill, and the general debate, which was on Saturday agreed to, was commenced by Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, who took strong ground against the right of secession, and closed with an appeal to all conservative men to rally to the support of the Constitution and the Union. He was followed by Mr. Cox, of Ohio. Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, presented the majority report of the Committee of Thirty-three; Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, obtained leave to have the minority report printed, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 15th, in the Senate, a number of memorials were presented urging the passage of the Crittenden resolutions, and they were taken up as the special order. After a short discussion, however, they were laid over to make way for the Pacific Railroad bill, which had also been appointed as a special order. A motion to postpone its consideration indefinitely was defeated—Ayes, 12; Noes, 39. Subsequently two other motions to postpone it—one of them made by Senator Crittenden—were defeated, and after considerable debate the Senate adjourned pending a motion by Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, to amend the section relating to grantees.——In the House, Mr. Harris, of Maryland, presented a petition signed by twelve thousand citizens of Baltimore, irrespective of party, praying for the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's Compromise Resolutions. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Army bill, and the general debate on the condition of the country, commenced on Monday, was continued by Messrs. Reagan of Texas, M'Clernand of Illinois, Stanton of Ohio, Crawford, Hill, Love, and Hardeman of Georgia, Rust of Arkansas, Adrain of N. J., and Anderson of Missouri.

On Wednesday, 16th, in the Senate, a Message was received from the President, explaining the appointment of Mr. Holt to perform the duties of Secretary of War *ad interim*. Senator Crittenden's resolutions were then taken up, and on motion of Senator Bigler, the Senate voted, 27 to 26, to postpone the consideration of all other business until they were disposed of. Senator Powell's amendment, extending the provisions relative to the Territories to all territory that "may hereafter be acquired," was adopted, 29 to 24. Speeches were made by Senators Simmons and Anthony, of Rhode Island. A vote was taken on a motion to postpone consideration of the resolutions, and take up and fix a day for the consideration of the Kansas Bill, and it failed by a vote of 25 for and 30 against it. The Senate also refused to amend by striking out the preamble and resolutions, 21 to 20—Senators Benjamin, Slidell, and Wigfall not voting. A motion to lay the resolutions on the table was then carried, and the Senate adjourned pending a motion to reconsider, after a short Executive Session.——In the House, the general debate on the condition of the country was continued. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, presented a series of resolutions, passed by the Legislature of that State, expressing attachment to the Union and declaring against the right of secession. After considerable discussion they were laid on the table and ordered to be printed. Messrs. Garnett of Virginia, Gurley of Ohio, Maynard of Tennessee, Holman of Indiana, and Morris of Illinois, addressed the House on the great questions at issue before the country.

On Thursday, 17th, in the Senate, Senator Hunter called up the Deficiency Bill, which was passed, after being amended in various particulars. The item for the support of the captured Africans was reduced from $900,000 to $450,000. An item was audited for the payment of $300,000 for the establishment of a coaling station for the Navy at Chiriqui. Provision was made for a Bureau of Public Printing. After the Deficiency Bill was disposed of the Senate took up the Pacific Railroad Bill. Various amendments were proposed and voted upon, and several Senators expressed their views for and against the measure. The proceedings were finally interrupted by a motion to go into Executive Session, which prevailed, and the Senate soon afterward adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's joint resolution allowing Commodore Paulding to accept rewards from Nicaragua was reported from the Navy Committee, but objection was made to its consideration, and it was laid over. Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, presented a memorial signed by 28,000 persons in his Congressional District, asking for an adjustment of the Slavery question in the Union. The House, in Committee of the Whole on the Army Bill, then continued the general discussion of the condition of the country, the speakers being Messrs. Thomas of Tennessee, Sickles of New York, Ashley of Ohio, and Perry of Maine.

On Friday, 18th, in the Senate, the Crittenden resolutions were again brought up, and again action upon them was postponed until Monday. The Pacific Railroad Bill was made the special order for Tuesday. Senator Green, of Missouri, introduced a joint resolution recommending that the several States take immediate steps, by Convention or otherwise, to make propositions for a compromise of the existing difficulties. It was ordered to a second reading. The bill to authorize a loan, to fix the duty on imports, and relative to the outstanding Treasury notes, was made the special order for Wednesday. The Kansas bill then came up as the special order, and the debate on it continued until 2 o'clock, when the Senate went into Executive Session to pass upon the nomination of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War.——In the House, the general debate in Committee of the Whole on the Army bill was concluded, and the bill was passed through the Committee, after the failure of a resolution offered by Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, to the effect that no forces authorized by the bill should be used to subject any seceding State. The principal speech made was by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, refusing to make any concessions.

MR. SEWARD'S CONCESSIONS.

In his great speech on Saturday 12th, the concessions which Senator Seward declares his readiness to make are these:

First.—That each Slave State has the right to decide for itself whether the bondsman, made such by its laws, is, within the State, still a man or only property.

Second.—That all laws of the States, Free or Slave, which relate to fugitive slaves, or to "persons recently coming from, or resident in other States, which contravene the Constitution, ought to be repealed." This covers the repeal of Personal Liberty laws, coupled with that of all laws in Slave States which improperly restrain the freedom of citizens from other States.

Third.—That he is willing to vote for an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that it shall never be so altered as to confer on Congress the power to abolish or interfere with Slavery in any State.

Fourth.—That he will vote for any properly guarded laws which shall be deemed necessary to prevent invasions of States by citizens of other States, and to punish those who may aid or abet them.

Mr. Seward also declares his disposition, after this disunion movement shall have come to an end, to vote for a Convention to revise the Constitution, on the general principle that its excellence depends on its being a true embodiment of the sentiments and wishes of the people, and that amendments naturally become necessary from time to time for this purpose. He says nothing, however, of the particular amendments growing out of the present crisis, which such a Convention might be expected to make.

ACTION OF THE SENATE ON THE NEW APPOINTMENTS.

On 17th the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War. It was considered in Executive session, and, from all accounts, the preliminary discussion was of an exciting character. An effort was made by its opponents to refer it to the Committee on Military Affairs, but this was strenuously and successfully resisted, by the motion of reference being defeated by a vote of 34 against 13. The objection to Mr. Holt by his opponents is that, in their opinion, he is a coercionist, and this some of them openly avow. On 18th Mr. Holt's nomination was confirmed by 38 to 13.

The nomination of Mr. M'Intyre as Collector of Customs in the neighborhood of Charleston is still suspended in the Committee of Commerce.

WHY MR. THOMAS RESIGNED.

The following letter has been published:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 11*, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has not been in my power, as you are aware, to agree with you, and with a majority of your constitutional advisers, in the measures which have been adopted in reference to the present condition of things in South Carolina; nor do I think it at all probable that I shall be able to concur in the views which you entertain, so far as I understand them, touching the authority, under existing laws, to enforce the collection of the customs at the port of Charleston.

"Under such circumstances, after mature consideration, I have concluded that I can not longer continue in your Cabinet without embarrassment to you, and an exposure of myself to the just criticism of those who are acquainted with my opinions upon the subject. I therefore deem it proper to tender my resignation of the commission I now hold as Secretary of the Treasury, to take effect when my successor shall be appointed and qualified. In doing so I avail myself of the occasion to offer you the assurance of the high respect and regard which, personally, I entertain for you, and with which I have the honor to be

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"PHILIP F. THOMAS.

"THE PRESIDENT."

THE MISSISSIPPI ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The following is the text of that document: "An Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of Mississippi and other States united with her under the compact entitled 'The Constitution of the United States of America.'

"The people of Mississippi in Convention assembled do ordain and declare, and it is hereby ordained and declared, as follows, to wit:

"*Section* 1. That all the laws and ordinances by which the said State of Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union of the United States of America be, and the same are hereby repealed; and that all obligations on the part of said State or the people thereof to observe the same be withdrawn, and that the said State shall hereby resume the rights, functions, and powers which by any of said laws and ordinances were conveyed to the Government of the said United States, and is dissolved from all the obligations, restraints, and duties incurred to the said Federal Union, and shall henceforth be a free, sovereign, and independent State.

"*Section* 2. That so much of the first section of the seventh article of the Constitution of this State as requires members of the Legislature and all officers, legislative and judicial, to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, be and the same is hereby abrogated and annulled.

"*Section* 3. That all rights acquired and vested under the Constitution of the United States, or under any act of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, or under any law of this State, and not incompatible with this ordinance, shall remain in force, and have the same effect as if this ordinance had not been passed.

"*Section* 4. That the people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as have seceded or may secede from the Union of the United States of America, upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States, except such parts thereof as embrace other portions than such seceding States.

"Adopted. Yeas 84, nays 15."

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

On Monday, January 14, communication passed between the Governor and Major Anderson. The Legislature passed unanimous resolutions declaring that any attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter would be regarded as an act of war. The Governor sent a Message to the House of Representatives detailing plans for guarding the coast and for the purchase of three steam propellers. He prefers small iron screw propellers of light draft, each propeller to be provided with thirty-two seamen; one propeller to be stationed at Charleston, one at Beaufort, and one at Georgetown; also to fortify all the inlets and mouths of the rivers with redoubts and ordnance, and for boats to keep up a constant communication between them as a protection against sudden invasion and lawless bands. On Tuesday and Wednesday a bill passed the House staying the collection of all debts due to persons in the non-slaveholding States till after December next. Governor Pickens sent in a Message given below. On Thursday the Military Committee reported in favor of raising more troops, and placing the State on a war footing. The following telegraphic message has been received from Governor Pickens:

"*G. B. Lamar, President Bank of the Republic, New York*:

"SIR,—Please have it authoritatively published that no flag and no vessel will be disturbed or prevented from entering our harbor unless bearing hostile troops or munitions of war for Fort Sumter.

"All trade is desired, and all vessels in commerce only will be gladly received. F. W. PICKENS."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARMY.

The following Message has been sent to the South Carolina Legislature:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *January* 7, 1861.

"*To the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives:*

"The Convention has passed resolutions authorizing the Governor to raise two regiments of enlisted men—one regiment for a service of twelve months and the other of six months. Under these resolutions, I have commissioned officers from first-lieutenant down to third-lieutenant, and in one instance I have commissioned a captain to raise immediately an artillery company. To make it as little expensive as possible to the State, I have for the present confined myself to the appointment of these officers. Perhaps it may not be necessary to enlist for the second regiment.

"The Convention also, by resolution, authorizes the Governor to call immediately into service companies, with their officers, somewhat on the principle of volunteers, and to form them into a regiment by appointing of field-officers. I have made a call of this kind for one regiment at present, and appointed Colonel Maxcy Gregg, a brave and able officer, to command it. A portion of this company is in actual position on Sullivan's Island, and other companies for it are rapidly arriving. This regiment is for six months. If a regiment of men enlisted for twelve months be raised, it will require about $200,000 to equip and support it.

"The regiment for six months, under Colonel Gregg, will be at an expense of about $100,000. If the other regiment of enlisted men for six months be found necessary, it will be an additional expense of $100,000.

"I therefore most respectfully recommend that some provision be made for the pay and support of these regiments in such manner as the wisdom of the Legislature may adopt. I recommend also that the bill which is before the Legislature, entitled 'a bill for the establishment of a Coast Police for South Carolina,' be passed. This, it is supposed, will involve an expense of $150,000.

"The act passed to provide an armed military force may involve an expenditure of $50,000, and provision has been made for raising $400,000 more for the purchase of arms and munitions. These several sums amount to $1,400,000. It is hoped that circumstances may arise which will give a pacific settlement to our difficulties; and if so, every reasonable endeavor shall be made to prevent the expenditure of the whole amount; but the more certain way to produce a pacific turn to events is to be thoroughly prepared to meet any emergency. F. W. PICKENS."

PRESENT CONDITION OF CHARLESTON.

A Washington correspondent says: "I have just received a dispatch from Governor Pickens, stating that Major Anderson has now uninterrupted mail facilities, and is allowed to send to market for fresh provisions and vegetables whenever desired. In fact, he has the same facilities that he had when he occupied Fort Moultrie.

"I am authorized to state by the South Carolina Commissioner that all property seized has been declared, by the ordinance of the Convention, to be held subject to an adjustment of accounts between the two Governments hereafter.

"The Tax Bill has not yet passed either House of the South Carolina Legislature. It is utterly false that any special exaction has been made on negro or any other property. The contributions of negro labor have been entirely voluntary on the part of those who have rendered it. It is also the same of contributions of money, which have been very liberal. It is equally false that Governor Aiken, or any body else, has had any requisition for money or labor made on him. All the appropriations of the money thus far made by the Legislature have been furnished by the State banks in exchange for par, and the principal part coming from the Bank of the State, of which the State is the only stockholder. Commerce goes on as usual without restriction. There is no scarcity of provisions, and the market is at ordinary prices."

WILL FORT SUMTER BE SURRENDERED?

A telegram to the *Herald*, dated Washington, January 17, says: "Colonel Hayne sent his communication to the President to-day. It is understood that since the arrival of Colonel Hayne, after a free conference with his Southern friends here, he has somewhat changed his original intention and purpose, and instead of making an unconditional demand for the surrender and evacuation of Fort Sumter, he now presents it in the shape of a suggestion. He therefore suggests to the President the propriety of the surrender, in order to avoid bloodshed.

"The firmness of the Administration in dealing with the secession messenger now here caused the prominent secessionists in the city to join in advising the authorities of Charleston to suspend the execution of their threat to take Fort Sumter until after the 4th of March, and Major Anderson is to be provided with provisions from Charleston, providing the South Carolina authorities accept the proposition and Major Anderson accepts the humiliating terms. The South Carolinians may yield, but it is believed that Major Anderson will not consent to go to Charleston for his supplies if his government will not supply him."

WILL IT BE TAKEN?

The following is an extract of a letter from a reliable gentleman in Charleston to a friend in this city:

"CHARLESTON, *Jan.* 11, 1861.

"The steamer *Star of the West* attempted on Wednesday night to come into our harbor to land government troops, but she was driven back by our fortress at Morris Island, and so will any other that may make a similar attempt. We are in every way prepared to keep out any force that may attempt to come here for any such a purpose. There is but one feeling here—the sentiment is unanimous not to submit to the rule of the President that has been elected. It will not be done by South Carolina. This can be relied upon. She will suffer utter annihilation first. She can never be made to submit. It is utterly out of the question. Every man in the State is a soldier, and will fight to death on this question. You can form no idea of the feeling that exists here. Major Anderson will be driven out of Fort Sumter if it costs 10,000 lives. This is a fixed fact, and in my opinion it will be done very soon. Every preparation is being made to do it. He is in a very strong fortification, and one that it is difficult to take, but it will be done by the force of numbers. There are 10,000 men now anxious to make the attempt, but the authorities want it done with the least possible loss of life, and are so preparing themselves. It may be done before this reaches you. It will be done forcibly, certainly, unless Major Anderson surrenders, and that I do not think he will do. He has but about one hundred men, and they are in a state of revolt. They are unwilling to fight in a war of this kind. Many of them have families in Charleston and Sullivan's Island, and it is reported they refused, on the morning that we drove back the *Star of the West*, to work the guns. Anderson did not fire a single gun on that morning, which, it is said, he would have done if he could have got his men to obey. He has now more than half his force in irons for refusing to obey him on that morning. This we learn from a deserter from his fort."

AFFAIRS IN ALABAMA.

The passage of the secession ordinance is said to have given great satisfaction at Mobile. Money was subscribed for the defense of the city. It seems, however, that the members of the Convention are not prepared to sign the ordinance of secession; they have telegraphed their delegation in Congress not to resign their seats. All the ships in Mobile have cleared for foreign ports. On 15th the Legislature met at Montgomery. The Governor's Message urges the necessity that Alabama at once be placed upon the most efficient war footing, and the appointment of a Military Board by the Legislature.

SECESSION OF FLORIDA.

The ordinance of secession was signed on 11th at Tallehassee, amidst the firing of cannon and general enthusiasm. The seizure of the forts was noticed in our last number.

SEIZURE OF THE FLORIDA FORTS.

Secretary Toucey has received the following dispatch from Flag-officer Armstrong, commanding Pensacola Navy-yard:

"Armed bodies of Florida and Alabama troops appeared before the gate of the Navy-yard and demanded possession. Having no means of resistance, I surrendered, and hauled down my flag. They are now in possession."

Captain Farran, Commander in the Yard, has notified the Department of his resignation.

A dispatch to the Florida Senators says:

"We repaired down here and captured Fort Barancos and Navy-yard, and then paroled the officers, granting them permission to continue to occupy their quarters. We are now in possession. This move was in consequence of the Government garrisoning Fort Pickens, which has before remained unoccupied. You will propose to the Administration resuming the *statu quo ante bellum*, and we will immediately evacuate."

It is said at the Department that the Navy-yard contained a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars' worth of ordnance stores.

THE GEORGIA SECESSION CONVENTION.

This body met last week, and duly organized. On 18th it adopted a resolution declaring—first, that it is the duty of Georgia to secede from the Union; and second, appointing a committee to prepare an ordinance of secession. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 165 to 130.

THE CONVENTION IN ARKANSAS.

An attempt to pass a Convention Bill having failed to pass the Senate of Arkansas, the Arkansas Legislature on 16th unanimously passed a bill submitting the question of calling a Convention to the people on the 18th of February. If a majority favors a Convention, the Governor is to appoint the day.

ACTION OF MISSOURI.

Mr. Johnson, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, in the Missouri Senate, introduced a bill in the Senate on 16th January, which provides that the Governor shall appoint one Commissioner from each Congressional District to a Consulting Convention of the States, to be held at Nashville, on the 4th of February, to agree upon a common issue, by way of amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the Slave States, and the result to be laid before the Convention called in the third section. To that Convention the Governor is directed to appoint three Commissioners from this State, to meet three Commissioners from each of the thirty-three States—the latter Convention to be held at Wheeling on the 11th of February, for the purpose of adjusting the present difficulties, to preserve the Union, and to avert civil war. The Governor is also required to appoint one Commissioner to proceed to Illinois and request the Legislature to second the movement, and use its influence with the other Free States to have conservative men appointed to the Wheeling Convention. The introduction of this bill gave general satisfaction.

The bill was amended by the adoption of a provision similar to that contained in the Virginia bill, submitting the action of the Convention to the people, after which the whole subject was tabled, and a substitute, embracing an entirely new proposition—asking Congress to call a Convention for the redress of grievances, as provided in the fifth article of the Constitution—was introduced by Mr. Stevenson.

A petition praying for the adoption of the Crittenden propositions by Congress, bearing nearly 6000 names, has been forwarded to the Missouri representatives at Washington.

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

In the Virginia Senate, on 17th January, the Committee on Federal Relations reported resolutions that, in the opinion of the General Assembly, the propositions embraced in the Crittenden resolutions constitute such a basis of adjustment as would be accepted by the people of this Commonwealth; that Commissioners be appointed to the General Government, also to South Carolina and other seceding States, with instructions respectfully to request the President and the authorities of such States to agree to abstain, tending the proceedings contemplated by the action of this General Assembly, from acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between the States and the General Government. Considerable opposition was manifested, and a substitute offered.

The House has adopted the resolutions reported by the Committee on Federal Relations, contemplating a National Convention at Washington on the 4th of February, with an amendment that the Commissioners appointed shall be subject at all times to the control of the General Assembly, or if in session, to that of the State Convention. This embraces the approval of Mr. Crittenden's proposition.

On 18th, the Virginia House of Delegates passed a bill appropriating one million of dollars for the defense of the State; also a bill authorizing an issue of treasury notes to that amount, bearing six per cent. interest.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

At the extraordinary session of the Kentucky Legislature, in Frankfort, Governor Magoffin, in his Message transmitted on 17th, asks the Legislature to express their approbation of Crittenden's resolution; says that eight States will have seceded before their deliberations close: and that Tennessee has referred the whole subject to her people; Virginia and North Carolina are discussing the propriety of a similar course; Missouri seems likely to adopt a similar policy—it submits to the Legislature the propriety to provide for the election of delegates to a Convention, to assemble at an early day, to determine the future interstate and Federal relations of Kentucky. Meanwhile, he would leave no experiment untried to restore fraternal relations between the States; he recommends a Convention of the Border Slave States, to meet early in February at Baltimore. The Governor says the hasty and inconsiderate action of the seceding States does not meet our approval, but Kentuckians will never stand by with folded arms while those States, struggling for their constitutional rights, are being subjugated to an Anti-Slavery Government. He asks the Legislature to declare, by a resolution, the unconditional disapprobation by Kentucky of the employment of force in any form against the seceding States, and asks appropriations for arming and equipping a volunteer militia.

GOVERNOR HOUSTON FIRM FOR UNION.

A correspondent of the Petersburgh *Express* writes from Waco, Texas, under date of January 2:

"General Houston addressed the people here yesterday in a highly conservative speech. He declared that he felt it to be his solemn duty to warn the people of his State against the extremities into which the politicians of South Carolina and other States would hurry them. He declared emphatically that he would not give his official sanction to the call of a Convention, except upon condition that the people of Texas should afterward pass judgment upon its action. He was listened to with attention and respect while speaking, but it was perfectly obvious that the crowd was against him in sentiment; and after the close of his remarks the voice of bitter denunciation was heard in every private circle. 'Old San Jacinto,' however, bears the abuse heaped upon him with great equanimity. He says he is right, and that time will convince his present assailants of the wrong they are inflicting upon the country. His old companions in arms, the 'early settlers' of Texas, are generally with him on the absorbing issue of the day—at least, such is the case with those I have seen in this quarter."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The inauguration of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, took place at Harrisburg on 15th. The Gubernatorial Message pledges the State Administration to stand by the Constitution and the Union, and says there is nothing in the life or acts of Mr. Lincoln to warrant the idea that his policy will be inimical to any section; that nothing has occurred to justify the present excitement: that if Pennsylvania has passed laws obstructing the fulfillment of the National compact, they ought to be repealed; that when prostrated by the legislation of the General Government adverse to her interests, she has patiently waited for redress; that by her action in the late election she had no design to interfere with the rights of other States; that no State can secede or absolve itself from the obligations of the Union; that it is the first duty of the Federal Government to stay anarchy and enforce the laws; and that amendments to the Constitution, made in a constitutional manner, will be deliberately considered by the people as the importance demands.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

The Wisconsin Legislature met and organized on 10th, and Governor Randall's Message was delivered at noon. It commends the subject of military affairs to the wisdom and discretion of the Legislature, and says the signs of the times indicate that there may arise a contingency in the condition of the Government when it will become necessary to respond to the call of the national Government for men and means to maintain the integrity of the Union and thwart the designs of men engaged in organized treason. On the subject of secession, he says this is not a league of States, but a government of the people. The general Government can not change the character of a State Government, or usurp any power over it not delegated, nor can any State change the character of the United States Government, restrict or increase its jurisdiction, or impair any of its rights. He argues that the election of Mr. Lincoln was legal, and is no just cause for complaint from any quarter. He says the Constitution makes no man a slave. Slavery can not go into free territory under the Constitution, neither can it exist outside of local law; therefore the Personal Liberty laws are found, or should be, upon the statute in every State. Every living human being has the right to a legal test, whether he is a free man or a slave. Should the Legislature think the Personal Liberty Bill of Wisconsin in conflict with the United States Constitution, then it should be made to conform therewith, but no fear and no hope of a reward should induce a free people to break down the walls of their protection. We will make a sacrifice of our feeling to conciliate, but no sacrifice of our principles. The right of a State to secede can never be admitted. Once in the Union, a State must remain until the Union is destroyed.

The Message gives great satisfaction.

STOPPAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

We have reports of a terrible state of affairs on the Mississippi River. It is stated that the Mississippi secessionists have planted cannon at various points along the banks of the river, that one steamboat has been denied passage, while others have been overhauled, and that several respectable persons have been compelled to return to the places from whence they started. These reports are partially verified by a member of Congress.

THE LAW OF TREASON.

On Monday, 14th, Judge Smalley delivered an important charge to the Grand Jury in the United States Circuit Court, on the law of high treason. He told them that the seizure of United States property and firing on the United States flag by persons owing allegiance to the United States, constituted high treason by levying war; that no State could absolve citizens from their allegiance to the General Government; and that neither South Carolina nor any other State could legally protect citizens of other States in waging war against their Government. He laid down the legal definition of treason, and declared it to be the duty of all good and true citizens to do every thing in their power to suppress rebellion, expose treason, and bring traitors to justice.

AID FROM NEW YORK.

The Legislature has offered the President all the militia of New York. On 17th, the Governor transmitted the following communication from President Buchanan, in response. The original of the President's letter is all in his own handwriting:

"WASHINGTON CITY, *Jan.* 14, 1861.

"*His Excellency, Edwin D. Morgan, Governor of New York:*

"SIR,—I have had the honor to receive your communication, covering the resolutions which have passed the Legislature of New York, on the 11th inst., tendering to the President of the United States the military force of the State 'in support of the Constitution and the Union;' and shall give them that respectful consideration to which they are entitled, from the importance of the subject, and the distinguished source from which they emanated.

"Yours very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The following appears in the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun:*

"The leaders of the Southern movement are consulting as to the best mode of consolidating their interests into a confederacy under a provisional government. The plan is to make Senator Hunter, of Virginia, Provisional President, and Jeffersen Davis Commander-in-Chief of the army of defense. Mr. Hunter possesses in a more eminent degree the philosophical characteristics of Jefferson than any other statesman now living. Colonel Davis is a graduate of West Point, was distinguished for gallantry at Buena Vista, and served as Secretary of War under President Pierce, and is not second to General Scott in military science or courage."

WHY MAJOR ANDERSON DID NOT PROTECT THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "As Major Anderson's correspondence with Governor Pickens has been subjected to some comments, it is proper that certain important facts should be known to the public. In consequence of his communication being cut off, he had no means of correspondence with the War Department, to know its purposes or convey his own views, except by accidental and unfrequent opportunities. It was decided here, after his removal to Fort Sumter, and the departure of the South Carolina Commissioners, to send reinforcements, and four companies of artillery, from Fort Monroe. were ordered to the *Brooklyn* for that purpose. These orders were afterward countermanded, and Major Anderson's brother carried him the intelligence of that decision. Regarding it as conclusive, he could and did not expect to be reinforced. He had no knowledge whatever concerning the movements of the *Star of the West* or of her transports. The first intimation that reached him was the booming of cannon from Morris Island and Fort Moultrie. When he saw the national flag hoisted at her mast-head, and heard the firing repeated, his batteries facing Fort Moultrie and the ship channel were unmasked, manned, and the gunners stationed with matches in their hands, waiting the signal to fire. The steamer turned and put to sea, and thus the bloody reckoning was averted. This statement will explain the general terms of his first letter to Governor Pickens concerning the firing upon the flag, as he had none of the information concerning the steamer which was familiar to every body else. Had he known her mission, Fort Moultrie would have been battered down."

PERSONAL.

Henry S. Lane was inaugurated Governor of Indiana on 14th, and was on 16th elected United States Senator by the Legislature. He has resigned the Governorship. O. P. Morton, the Lieutenant-Governor, appeared and was sworn in as Governor.

Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President-elect, is now in this city, and, it is said, will remain here for a few days, in order to make some needful purchases for the White House.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE BOY MORTARA AGAIN.

A PRELIMINARY meeting of Jews of England, France, Italy, and America, has been held at the Mansion House, London, for the purpose of concerting new efforts for the restoration of the child Mortara to his parents.

FRANCE.

THE RECEPTION ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The Paris *Moniteur* says Lord Cowley confined himself on New-Year's Day to presenting to Napoleon the respects and congratulations of the diplomatic corps, in whose name he spoke. The Emperor replied: "I thank you for the wishes which you have expressed to me. I regard the future with confidence, being convinced that the friendly understanding between the Powers will maintain peace, which is the object of my desires."

FRANCE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

We read in the correspondence to the London *Herald:* "The great topic of conversation to-day is an incident which took place last night at the Théâtre du Cirque Imperial during the first performance of the 'Massacres de Syrie,' a melodrama which, though produced under another author's name, is well known to be the work of M. Mocquard, the Emperor's Secretary and Chef du Cabinet. You may easily form an idea of the plot—the Druses are represented in the blackest colors, and the Maronites are the very embodiment of persecuted innocence; the French army are heroes, avengers, liberators, etc. There is much expenditure of gunpowder, but the 'glory,' 'greatness,' and 'disinterestedness' of France settle every thing satisfactorily by the end of the fifth act. The authorship of the piece being well known, and the Emperor having intimated his intention to 'assist' at the first performance, a great number of diplomatists had taken boxes, and the remainder of the audience was made up of Senators, functionaries, journalists, police spies, and *gamins*. The Emperor arrived at about eight o'clock, when the first act was over, and was loudly applauded on his entrance. The four last acts are literally crammed with allusions to the 'beneficent' influence of France, which invariably brought down the house, all turning their eyes on the Emperor, who looked on with an appearance of grim satisfaction. But matters came to a climax when, in the middle of the third act, the actor representing Abd-el-Kader, gave utterance to the following sentence: 'The Eastern question can only be solved by the sword of Napoleon III.' The audience rose in a state of frantic enthusiasm, shouting, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' '*Vive la Questione d'Orient!*' His Majesty appeared to appreciate the compliment, for he rose and advanced to the front of the box, bowing repeatedly, while the members of the *corps diplomatique* looked extremely blue. In Paris to-day this incident was spoken of as a political manifestation, and at the Bourse particularly it produced a very painful impression."

PRUSSIA.

DEATH OF THE KING.

A telegram from Cape Race announces the death of the King of Prussia. His Majesty King Frederick William IV., son of Frederick William III., was born on October 15, 1795. The very greatest care was bestowed upon his education, and some of the most distinguished men of the day were his instructors. The late monarch was present at most of the great battles fought in 1813, 1814, and 1815, although he was not intrusted with any command. He was called to the throne in 1840 by the death of his father, and distinguished his accession by repairing several of the injuries which had grown out of his predecessor's system of government. But the liberality that marked the early part of King Frederick William's reign was not kept up. The Constitution, promised in 1815, was long delayed, and, after it was granted, the King, on more than one occasion, sought the aid of the Chambers to release him from the provisions that guaranteed representative Government. During the Crimean war, the King, in endeavoring to keep friends with either party, lost the regard of both. He showed himself to be time-serving, vacillating, and insincere. With all his faults, however, Frederick William was a sincere friend of science and the arts. He surrounded his throne with eminent men. His Majesty had been in exceedingly bad health and often insane for several years, during which time the Government of the Kingdom was administered by his brother, the late Prince-Regent, but now Frederick William V. The new King is generally regarded as an absolutist, and opposed to popular representation. It has been predicted that, upon his ascending the throne, Prussia would have a strong Government or undergo a revolution. He is exceedingly ambitious—resolute and determined in his views—and has made Frederick the Great a model for all his conduct. His Majesty's eldest son married the Princess Royal of England.

AUSTRIA.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE ASCENDANT.

The Austrian Ministry has drawn up a bill relative to the liberty of the Protestant Church in the Hungarian Provinces. Several enactments of it are absolutely contrary to the stipulations of the *Concordat.*

DISTURBANCES IN HUNGARY.

A telegram dated Pesth, Sunday, January 6, says:

"Yesterday disturbances took place at Keerekrempt, Hungary, which necessitated the intervention of the garrison. The soldiers were compelled to make use of their fire-arms, and five persons were severely wounded."

ITALY.

THE FRENCH AT GAETA.

The rumored departure of the French fleet from Gaeta has been contradicted. It is now stated that a Russian frigate, fully armed, has anchored off Gaeta, and suspicion is of course awakened that this event is the first symptom of the rumored intention of Russia to supply the protection France is about to withdraw. It seems, however, somewhat premature to draw any decided inference from the bare fact as at present stated. It is said that the Queen of Naples has left Gaeta, in consequence of the approach of her confinement.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star* says: "The secret of the maintenance of the French fleet before Gaeta is thought to be discovered in the appearance of a Russian vessel, well armed and equipped, alongside of the French ships, which confirms the announcement made some time ago in the *chancelleries* of the various Russian embassies, that should the Emperor Napoleon withdraw his protection the Emperor Alexander would take his place. The arrival of the Russian ship has created a singular sensation here—something between hope and fear—and, moreover, a sudden enlightenment as to the subject of the secret conferences of Warsaw."

CONSPIRACY AT NAPLES.

A telegram dated Naples, Friday, January 4, says: "A conspiracy of the Bourbon party has been discovered, but it is without importance. Four Royalist Generals have been arrested, with some of the agents of King Francis II., who had come from Gaeta. Prince Carignan is expected here on the 15th inst. Several Neapolitan officers have been arrested."

THE SALE OF VENETIA.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says: "I am informed that negotiations are still being attempted for the sale of Venetia. They are, according to private letters from a well-informed source at Vienna, mere waste of time. The Austrian government, it is moreover stated, has sent a note to Paris and London, intimating that she will only give up Venetia when driven out of the quadrilateral by force of arms. We may, therefore, consider war in the spring as inevitable. According to private letters from Berlin, one hundred and twenty rifled guns are being made for the Austrian government. One half of the order is to be completed and delivered by the 15th of January, and the remainder by the 1st of March."

CHINA.

THE LOOT OF THE PALACE.

The China *Telegraph* says: "The prize-money taken in the Emperor's Summer Palace, situated some miles out of Pekin, amounts (for the troops engaged there) to about £23,000, and is made up by a sum of £14,000 in sycee silver, which the French handed over (in accordance with the terms of the treaty) as the British share of what they had found in the Imperial Treasury, and by one of £9000, realized by the sale by auction in the camp of articles which English officers had looted, and which Sir Hope Grant made them give up, declaring on their words of honor that they had done so; the articles brought large prices, and as Sir Hope Grant and his two generals of divisions, Napier and Michel, gave up their shares, it allowed for the army the following scale: First-class field officers, £60; second-class field officers, £50; chaplains, £40; lieutenants, £30; ensigns, £20; sergeants, etc., £7 10s.; privates, £5. The prize-money would have been very considerable had the French not had possession of the palace for two days prior to our troops coming up to it. The French, it is supposed, had some private information. General Montauban is said to have realized £50,000 as his personal share."

MEXICO.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LIBERALS.

We read in the Mexican *Extraordinary*, of Mexico City, December 28th:

"Neither time nor space admit of our going into lengthened details of the fall of the clergy rule in this capital. Suffice it to say, that after the fall of Guadalajara, on the 30th of October, General Ortega, principal military chief of the Constitutional forces, lost no time in marching his troops in this direction.

"Miramon left Mexico with the greater part of his troops, to attempt to carry out his plans, and the first news we had of the result was brought here by himself on Sunday morning, the 23d. He arrived here, accompanied only by two or three adjutants. The story was soon out. He had lost every thing. Consternation was at once depicted upon the faces of all his partisans, and hiding-places were in demand."

The account of the battle is thus briefly given by General Ortega:

REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, FEDERAL ARMY.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MINISTER OF WAR:

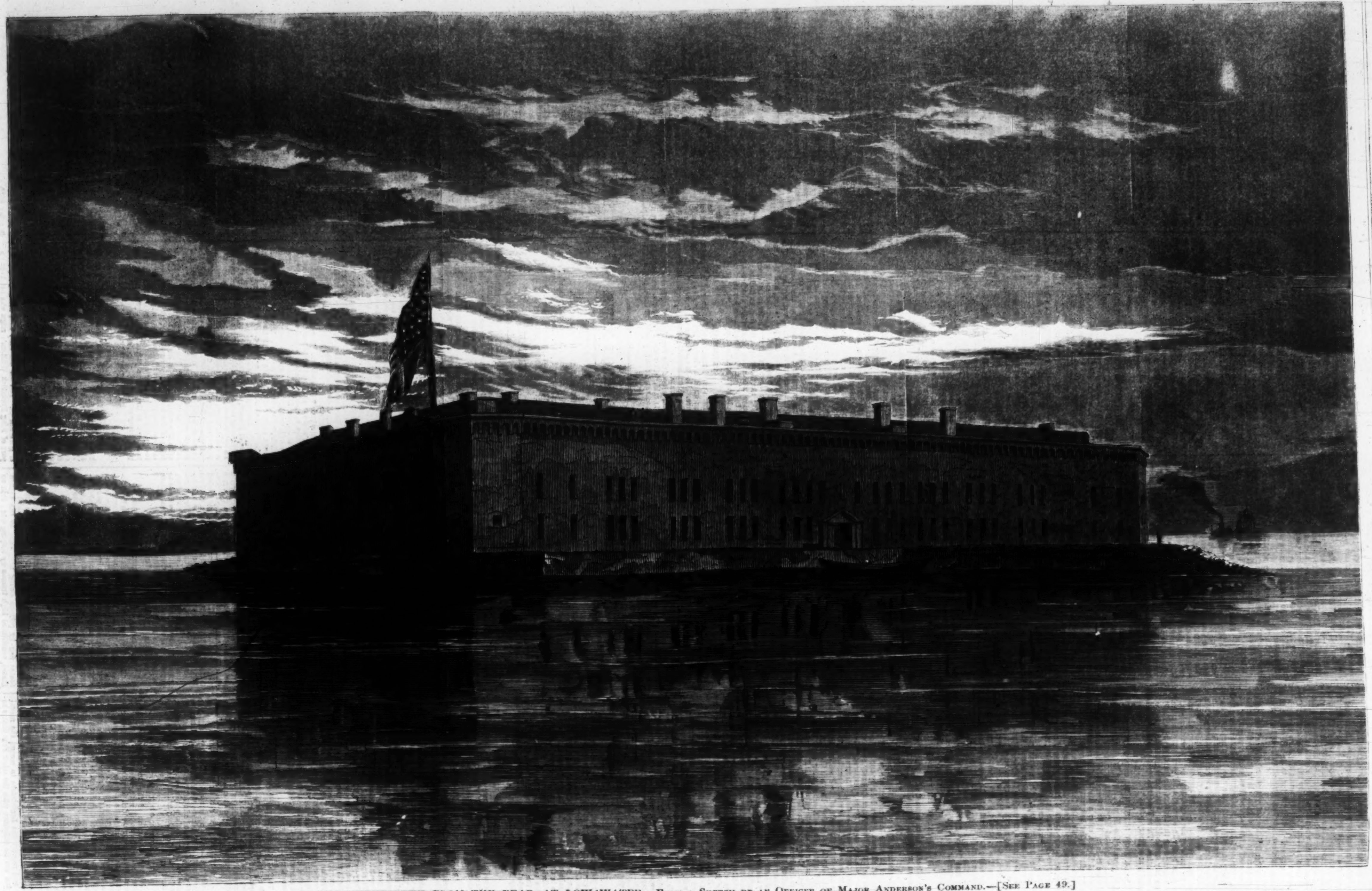
"On this day, after a hard fight, the forces under my command have entirely defeated the troops of the enemy, who, in strength of eight thousand men, with thiry pieces of artillery, were headed by D. Miguel Miramon, Marquez, Velez, Negrete, Ayestaran, Cobos, Valle, and Joaquin Miramon. They abandoned to us their trains, artillery, and ammunition, and thousands of prisoners. The fight commenced at eight o'clock in the morning on the heights of San Miguel Calpulalpan, and was finished a little after ten o'clock the same morning. Those of our troops who took part in the action were the divisions from Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, Morelia, Guanajuato, and one brigade from Guadalajara. To the valor of these we owe this important triumph, which has undoubtedly secured the pacification of the republic.

"I beg your Excellency to congratulate his Excellency the President for this success, advising him that probably the day after to-morrow the Federal army will be in the capital of the republic; and in the name of the army I beg his Excellency the President to come as soon as possible to that city, in order to act more promptly in behalf of the constitutional order.

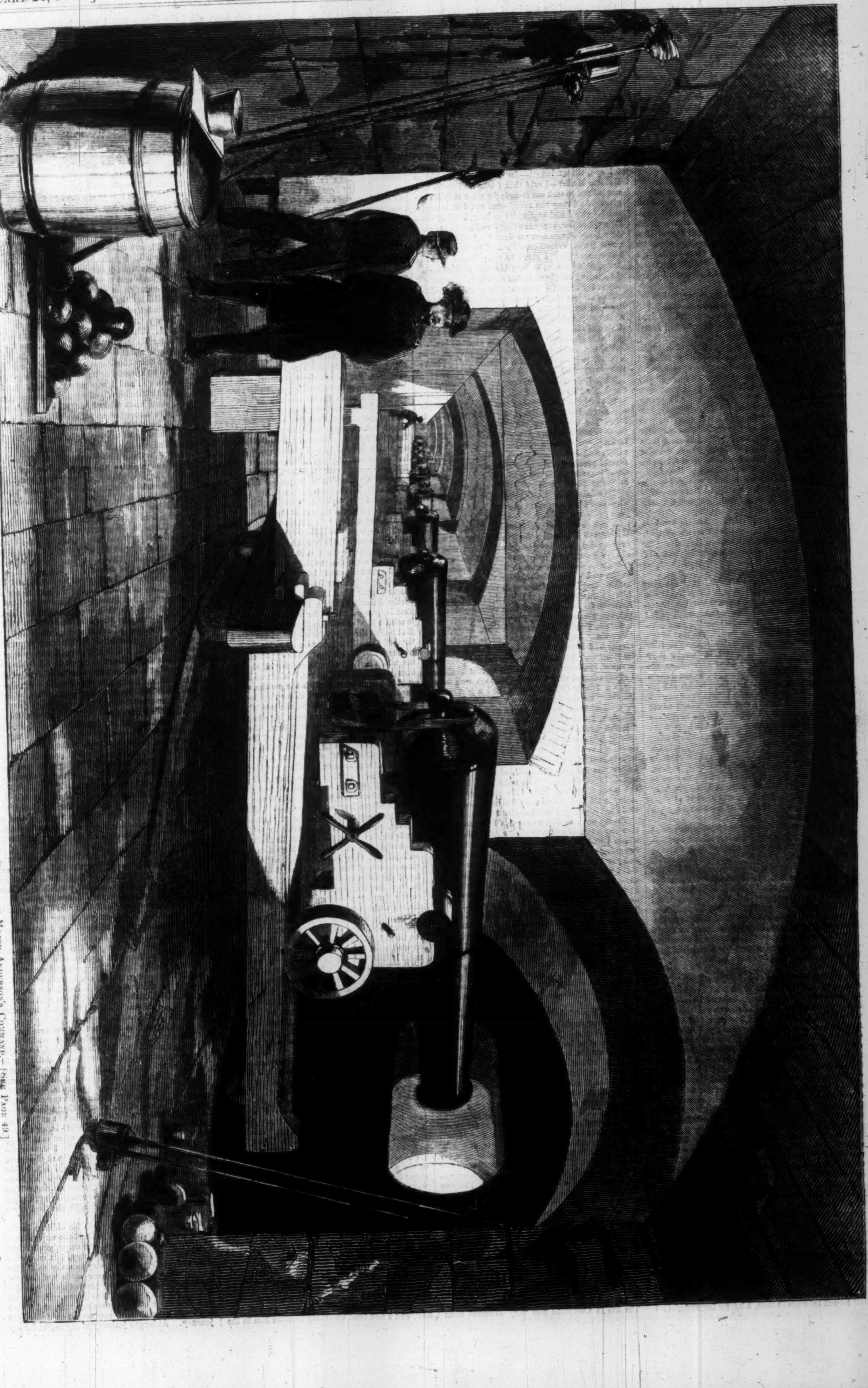
"HACIENDA OF SAN FRANCISCO, *December* 22, 1860."

Early on the morning of the 25th the forces of Aureliano entered and took possession of the city gates, and early in the day the Constitutional forces commenced pouring in. General Ortega entered about noon, without any pomp or display, and took up his quarters in the National Palace.

President Juarez and his Cabinet are expected here within a few days.



FORT SUMTER, SEEN FROM THE REAR, AT LOW-WATER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]



MAIN BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER, BEARING ON FORT MOULTRIE AND THE CHANNEL.—From a Sketch by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.—[See Page 49.]

THE GRAY WOMAN.

THERE is a mill by the Neckar-side to which many people resort for coffee, according to the fashion which is almost national in Germany.

I went to drink coffee there with some friends in 184—. The stately old miller came out to greet us, as some of the party were known to him of old.

My friend asked the daughter of the house for permission to go into an inner chamber, and see her mother. It was granted, and we went into a sort of salon overlooking the Neckar; very small, very bright, and very close. Sitting there, while my friend kept up a brisk conversation in a language which I but half understood, my eye was caught by a picture in a dark corner of the room, and I got up to examine it more nearly.

It was that of a young girl of extreme beauty; evidently of middle rank. There was a sensitive refinement in her face, as if she almost shrank from the gaze which, of necessity, the painter must have fixed upon her. It was not over-well painted, but I felt that it must have been a good likeness, from the strong impress of peculiar character which I have tried to describe. From the dress, I should guess it to have been painted in the latter half of the last century. And I afterward heard that I was right.

There was a little pause in the conversation.

"Will you ask Frau Scherer who this is?"

My friend repeated my question, and received a long reply in German. Then she turned round and translated it to me.

"It is the likeness of a great-aunt of her husband's." (My friend was standing by me, and looking at the picture with sympathetic curiosity.) "See! here is the name on the open page of this Bible, 'Anna Scherer, 1778.' Frau Scherer says there is a tradition in the family that this pretty girl, with her complexion of lilies and roses, lost her color so entirely through fright that she was known by the name of the Gray Woman. She speaks as if this Anna Scherer lived in some state of life-long terror. But she does not know details; refers me to her husband for them. She thinks he has some papers which were written by the original of that picture for her daughter, who died in this very house not long after our friend there was married. We can ask Herr Scherer for the whole story if you like."

"Oh yes, pray do!" said I. And as our host came in at this moment to ask how we were faring, and to tell us that he had sent to Heidelberg for carriages to convey us home, seeing no chance of the heavy rain abating, my friend, after thanking him, passed on to my request.

"Ah!" said he, his face changing, "the aunt Anna had a sad history. It was all owing to one of those hellish Frenchmen; and her daughter suffered for it—the cousin Ursula, as we all called her when I was a child. To be sure, the good cousin Ursula was his child as well. The sins of the fathers are visited on their children. The lady would like to know all about it, would she? Well, there are papers—a kind of apology the aunt Anna wrote for putting an end to her daughter's engagement—or rather, facts which she revealed that prevented cousin Ursula from marrying the man she loved; and so she would never have any other good fellow, else I have heard say my father would have been thankful to have made her his wife." All this time he was rummaging in the drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, and now he turned round, with a bundle of yellow MSS. in his hand, which he gave to my friend, saying, "Take it home, take it home; and if you care to make out our crabbed German writing, you may keep it as long as you like, and read it at your leisure. Only I must have it back again when you have done with it, that's all."

And so we became possessed of the manuscript of the following letter, which it was our employment, during many a long evening that ensuing winter, to translate, and in some parts to abbreviate. The letter began with some reference to the pain which she had already inflicted upon her daughter by some unexplained opposition to a project of marriage; but I doubt if, without the clew with which the good miller had furnished us, we could have made out even this much from the passionate, broken sentences that made us fancy that some scene between the mother and daughter—and possibly a third person—had occurred just before the mother had begun to write.

"Thou dost not love thy child, mother! Thou dost not care if her heart is broken!" Ah, God! and these words of my heart-beloved Ursula ring in my ears as if the sound of them would fill them when I lie a-dying. And her poor tear-stained face comes between me and every thing else. Child! hearts do not break; life is very tough as well as very terrible. But I will not decide for thee. I will tell thee all; and thou shalt bear the burden of choice. I may be wrong; I have little wit left, and never had much, I think; but an instinct serves me in place of judgment, and that instinct tells me that thou and thy Henri must never be married. Yet, I may be in error. I would fain make my child happy. Lay this paper before the good priest, Schriesheim, if, after reading it, thou hast doubts which make thee uncertain. Only I will tell thee all now, on condition that no spoken word ever passes between us on the subject. It would kill me to be questioned. I should have to see all present again.

My father held, as thou knowest, the mill on the Neckar, where thy new-found uncle, Scherer, now lives. Thou rememberest the surprise with which we were received there last vintage twelvemonth. How thy uncle disbelieved me when I said that I was his sister Anna, whom he had long believed to be dead, and how I had to lead thee underneath the picture, painted of me long ago, and point out, feature by feature, the likeness between it and thee; and how, as I spoke, I recalled first to my own mind, and then by speech to his, the details of the time when it was painted; the merry words that passed between us then, a happy boy and girl; the position of the articles of furniture in the room; our father's habits; the cherry-tree, now cut down, that shaded the window of my bedroom, through which my brother was wont to squeeze himself, in order to spring on to the topmost bough that would bear his weight; and thence would pass me back his cap laden with fruit to where I sat on the window-sill, too sick with fright for him to care much for eating the cherries.

And at length Fritz gave way, and believed me to be his sister Anna, even as though I were risen from the dead. And thou rememberest how he fetched in his wife, and told her that I was not dead, but was come back to the old home once more, changed as I was. And she would scarce believe him, and scanned me with a cold, distrustful eye, till at length—for I knew her of old as Babette Müller—I said that I was well-to-do, and needed not to seek out friends for what they had to give. And then she asked—not me, but her husband—why I had kept silent so long, leading all—father, brother, every one that loved me in my own dear home—to esteem me dead? And then thine uncle (thou rememberest?) said he cared not to know more than I cared to tell; that I was his Anna, found again, to be a blessing to him in his old age as I had been in his boyhood. I thanked him in my heart for his trust; for were the need for telling all less than it seems to me now, I could not speak of my past life. But she, who was my sister-in-law still, held back her welcome, and, for want of that, I did not go to live in Heidelberg as I had planned beforehand, in order to be near my brother Fritz, but contented myself with his promise to be a father to my Ursula when I should die and leave this weary world.

That Babette Müller was, as I may say, the cause of all my life's suffering. She was a baker's daughter in Heidelberg—a great beauty, as people said, and, indeed, as I could see for myself. I, too—thou sawest my picture—was reckoned a beauty, and I believe I was so. Babette Müller looked upon me as a rival. She liked to be admired, and had no one much to love her. I had several people to love me—my grandfather Fritz, the old servant Kätchen Karl, the head apprentice at the mill—and I feared admiration and notice, and the being stared at as the "Schöne Müllerin" whenever I went to make my purchases in Heidelberg.

Those were happy, peaceful days! I had Kätchen to help me in the house-work, and whatever we did pleased my brave old father, who was always gentle and indulgent toward us women, though he was stern enough with the apprentices in the mill. Karl, the oldest of these, was his favorite; and I can see now that my father wished him to marry me, and that Karl himself was desirous to do so. But Karl was rough-spoken and passionate—not with me, but with the others—and I shrank from him in a way which, I fear, gave him pain. And then came thy uncle Fritz's marriage; and Babette was brought to the mill to be its mistress. Not that I cared much for giving up my post, for, in spite of my father's great kindness, I always feared that I did not manage well for so large a family (with the men, and a girl under Kätchen, we sat down eleven each night to supper). But when Babette began to find fault with Kätchen, I was unhappy at the blame that fell on faithful servants; and by-and-by I began to see that Babette was egging on Karl to make more open love to me, and, as she once said, to get done with it, and take me off to a home of my own. My father was growing old, and did not perceive all my daily discomfort. The more Karl advanced, the more I disliked him. He was good in the main, but I had no notion of being married, and could not bear any one who talked to me about it.

Things were in this way when I had an invitation to go to Carlsruhe to visit a school-fellow, of whom I had been very fond. Babette was all for my going; I don't think I wanted to leave home, and yet I had been very fond of Sophie Rupprecht. But I was always shy among strangers. Somehow the affair was settled for me, but not until both Fritz and my father had made inquiries as to the character and position of the Rupprechts. They learned that the father had held some kind of inferior position about the Grand Duke's court, and was now dead, leaving a widow, a noble lady, and two daughters, the elder of whom was Sophie, my friend. Madame Rupprecht was not rich, but more than respectable—genteel. When this was ascertained, my father made no opposition to my going; Babette forwarded it by all the means in her power, and even my dear Fritz had his word to say in its favor.

At last I quitted the mill by the Neckar-side. It was a long day's journey, and Fritz went with me to Carlsruhe. The Rupprechts lived on the third floor of a house a little behind one of the principal streets, in a cramped-up court, to which we gained admittance through a door-way in the street. I remember how pinched their rooms looked after the large space we had at the mill; and yet they had an air of grandeur about them which was new to me, and which gave me pleasure, faded as some of it was. Madame Rupprecht was too formal a lady for me; I was never at my ease with her; but Sophie was all that I had recollected her at school—kind, affectionate, and only rather too ready with her expressions of admiration and regard. The little sister kept out of our way, and that was all we needed in the first enthusiastic renewal of our early friendship. The one great object of Madame Rupprecht's life was to retain her position in society; and as her means were much diminished since her husband's death, there was not much comfort, though there was a great deal of show, in their way of living—just the opposite of what it was at my father's house. I believe that my coming was not too much desired by Madame Rupprecht, as I brought with me another mouth to be fed; but Sophie had spent a year or more in entreating for permission to invite me, and her mother, having once consented, was too well-bred not to give me a stately welcome.

The life in Carlsruhe was very different from what it was at home. The hours were later, the coffee was weaker in the morning, the potage was weaker, the boiled beef less relieved by other diet, the dresses finer, the evening engagements constant. I did not find these visits pleasant. We might not knit, which would have relieved the tedium a little; but we sat in a circle, talking together, only interrupted occasionally by a gentleman, who, breaking out of the knot of men who stood near the door talking eagerly together, stole across the room on tip-toe, his hat under his arm, and, bringing his feet together in the position we called the first at the dancing-school, made a low bow to the lady he was going to address. The first time I saw these manners I could not help smiling; but Madame Rupprecht saw me, and spoke to me next morning rather severely, telling me that, of course, in my country breeding I could have seen nothing of court manners or French fashions, but that that was no reason for my laughing at them. Of course I tried never to smile again in company. This visit to Carlsruhe took place in '89, just when every one was full of the events taking place at Paris; and yet at Carlsruhe French fashions were more talked of than French politics. Madame Rupprecht, especially, thought a great deal of all French people. And this again was quite different to us at home. Fritz could hardly bear the name of a Frenchman; and it had nearly been an obstacle to my visit to Sophie that her mother preferred being called Madame to her proper title of Frau.

One night I was sitting next to Sophie, and longing for the time when we might have supper and go home, so as to be able to speak together—a thing forbidden by Madame Rupprecht's rules of etiquette, which strictly prohibited any but the most necessary conversation passing between members of the same family when in society. I was sitting, I say, scarcely keeping back my inclination to yawn, when two gentlemen came in, one of whom was evidently a stranger to the whole party, from the formal manner in which the host led him up, and presented him to the hostess. I thought I had never seen any one so handsome or so elegant. His hair was powdered, of course; but one could see from his complexion that it was fair in its natural state. His features were as delicate as a girl's, and set off by two little "mouches," as we called patches in those days, one at the left corner of his mouth, the other prolonging, as it were, the right eye. His dress was blue and silver. I was so lost in admiration of this beautiful young man, that I was as much surprised as if the angel Gabriel had spoken to me when the lady of the house brought him forward to present him to me. She called him Monsieur de la Tourelle, and he began to speak to me in French; but though I understood him perfectly, I dared not trust myself to reply to him in that language. Then he tried German, speaking it with a kind of soft lisp that I thought charming. But before the end of the evening I became a little tired of the affected softness and effeminacy of his manners and the exaggerated compliments he paid me, which had the effect of making all the company turn round and look at me. Madame Rupprecht was, however, pleased with the precise thing that displeased me. She liked either Sophie or me to create a sensation; of course she would have preferred that it should have been her daughter, but her daughter's friend was next best. As we went away I heard Madame Rupprecht and Monsieur de la Tourelle reciprocating civil speeches with might and main, from which I found out that the French gentleman was coming to call on us the next day. I do not know whether I was more glad or frightened, for I had been kept upon stilts of good manners all the evening. But still I was flattered when Madame Rupprecht spoke as if she had invited him because he had shown pleasure in my society, and even more gratified by Sophie's ungrudging delight at the evident interest I had excited in so fine and agreeable a gentleman. Yet, with all this, they had hard work to keep me from running out of the salon the next day when we heard his voice inquiring at the gate on the stairs for Madame Rupprecht. They had made me put on my Sunday gown, and they themselves were dressed as for a reception.

When he was gone away, Madame Rupprecht congratulated me on the conquest I had made; for, indeed, he had scarcely spoken to any one else beyond what mere civility required, and had almost invited himself to come in the evening to bring some new song, which was all the fashion in Paris, he said. Madame Rupprecht had been out all morning, as she told me, to glean information about Monsieur de la Tourelle. He was a propriétaire, had a small château on the Vosges Mountains; he owned land there, but had a large income from some sources quite independent of this property. Altogether, he was a good match, as she emphatically observed. She never seemed to think that I could refuse him after this account of his wealth; nor do I believe she would have allowed Sophie a choice, even had he been as old and ugly as he was young and handsome. I do not quite know—so many events have come to pass since then, and blurred the clearness of my recollections—if I loved him or not. He was very much devoted to me; he almost frightened me by the excess of his demonstrations of love. And he was very charming to every body around me, who all spoke of him as the most fascinating of men, and of me as the most fortunate of girls. And yet I never felt quite at my ease with him. I was always relieved when his visits were over, although I missed his presence when he did not come. He prolonged his visit to the friend with whom he was staying at Carlsruhe on purpose to woo me. He loaded me with presents, which I was unwilling to take, only Madame Rupprecht seemed to consider me an affected prude if I refused them. Many of these presents consisted of articles of valuable old jewelry, evidently belonging to his family; by accepting these I doubled the ties which were formed around me by circumstances even more than by my own consent. In those days we did not write letters to absent friends as frequently as is done now, and I had been unwilling to name him in the few letters that I wrote home. At length, however, I learned from Madame Rupprecht that she had written to my father to announce the splendid conquest I had made, and to request his presence at my betrothal. I started with astonishment. I had not realized that affairs had gone so far as this. But when she asked me, in a stern, offended manner, what I had meant by my conduct if I did not intend to marry Monsieur de la Tourelle—I had received his visits, his presents, all his various advances, without showing any unwillingness or repugnance—(and it was all true; I had shown no repugnance, though I did not wish to be married to him—at least not so soon)—what could I do but hang my head, and silently consent to the rapid enunciation of the only course which now remained for me if I would not be esteemed a heartless coquette all the rest of my days?

There was some difficulty, which I afterward learned that my sister-in-law had obviated, about my betrothal taking place from home. My father, and Fritz especially, were for having me return to the mill, and there be betrothed, and from thence be married. But the Rupprechts and Monsieur de la Tourelle were equally urgent on the other side; and Babette was unwilling to have the trouble of the commotion at the mill; and also, I think, a little disliked the idea of the contrast of my grander marriage with her own.

So my father and Fritz came over to the betrothal. They were to stay at an inn in Carlsruhe for a fortnight, at the end of which time the marriage was to take place. Monsieur de la Tourelle told me he had business at home which would oblige him to be absent during the interval between the two events; and I was very glad of it, for I did not think that he valued my father and my brother as I could have wished him to do. He was very polite to them; put on all the soft, grand manner, which he had rather dropped with me; and complimented us all round, beginning with my father and Madame Rupprecht and ending with little Alwina. But he a little scoffed at the old-fashioned church ceremonies which my father insisted on; and I fancy Fritz must have taken some of his compliments as satire, for I saw certain signs of manner by which I knew that my future husband, for all his civil words, had irritated and annoyed my brother. But all the money arrangements were liberal in the extreme, and more than satisfied, almost surprised, my father. Even Fritz lifted up his eyebrows and whistled. I alone did not care about any thing. I was bewitched—in a dream—a kind of despair. I had got into a net through my own timidity and weakness, and I did not see how to get out of it. I clung to my own home-people that fortnight as I had never done before. Their voices, their ways, were all so pleasant and familiar to me after the constraint in which I had been living. I might speak and do as I liked without being corrected by Madame Rupprecht, or reproved in a delicate, complimentary way by Monsieur de la Tourelle. One day I said to my father that I did not want to be married, that I would rather go back to the dear old mill; but he seemed to feel this speech of mine as a dereliction of duty as great as if I had committed perjury; as if, after the ceremony of betrothal, no one had any right over me but my future husband. And yet he asked me some solemn questions; but my answers were not such as to do me any good.

"Dost thou know any fault or crime in this man that should prevent God's blessing from resting on thy marriage with him? Dost thou feel aversion or repugnance to him in any way?"

And to all this, what could I say? I could only stammer out that I did not think I loved him enough; and my poor old father saw in this reluctance only the fancy of a silly girl who did not know her own mind, but who had now gone too far to recede.

So we were married in the Court chapel—a privilege which Madame Rupprecht had used no end of efforts to obtain for us, and which she must have thought was to secure us all possible happiness, both at the time and in recollection afterward.

We were married; and after two days spent in festivity at Carlsruhe, among all our new fashionable friends there, I bade good-by forever to my dear old father. I had begged my husband to take me by way of Heidelberg to his old castle in the Vosges; but I found an amount of determination, under that effeminate appearance and manner, for which I was not prepared, and he refused my first request so decidedly that I dared not urge it. "Henceforth, Anna," said he, "you will move in a different sphere of life; and though it is possible that you may have the power of showing favor to your relations from time to time, yet much or familiar intercourse will be undesirable, and is what I can not allow." I felt almost afraid, after this formal speech, of asking my father and Fritz to come and see me; but I did beg them to pay me a visit ere long, when the agony of bidding them farewell overcame all my prudence. But they shook their heads, and spoke of business at home, of different kinds of life, of my being a French woman now. Only my father broke out at last with a blessing, and said, "If my child is unhappy—which God forbid!—let her remember that her father's house is ever open to her." I was on the point of crying out, "Oh! take me back then now, my father!—oh, my father!" when I felt, rather than saw, my husband present near me. He looked on with a slightly contemptuous air, and taking my hand in his, he led me weeping away, saying that short farewells were always the best when they were inevitable.

It took us two days to reach his château in the Vosges, for the roads were bad and the way difficult to ascertain. Nothing could be more devoted than he was all the time of the journey. It seemed as if he were trying in every way to make up for the separation, which every hour made me feel the more complete, between my present and my former life. I seemed as if I were only now wakening up to a full sense of what marriage was, and I dare say I was not a cheerful companion on the tedious journey. At length jealousy of my regret for my father and brother got the better of M. de la Tourelle, and he became so much displeased with me that I thought my heart would break with the sense of desolation. So it was in no cheerful frame of mind that we approached Les Rochers, and I thought that perhaps it was because I was so unhappy that the place looked so dreary. On one side the château looked like a raw new building, hastily run up for some immediate purpose, without any growth of trees or underwood near it, only the remains of the stone used for building, not yet cleared away from the immediate neighborhood, although weeds and lichens had been suffered to grow near and over the heaps of rubbish; on the other were the great rocks from which the place took its name, and rising close against them, as if almost a natural formation, was the old castle, whose building dated many centuries back.

It was not large nor grand, but it was strong and picturesque, and I used to wish that we lived in it rather than in the smart half-furnished apartment in the new edifice, which had been hastily got ready for my reception. Incongruous as the two parts were, they were joined into a whole by means of intricate passages and unexpected doors, the exact positions of which I never fully understood. M. de la Tourelle led me to a suit of rooms set apart for me, and formally installed me in them, as in a domain of which I was sovereign. He apologized for the hasty preparation which was all he had been able to make for me, but promised, before I asked, or even thought of complaining, that they should be made as luxurious as heart could wish before many weeks had elapsed. But when, in the gloom of an autumnal evening, I caught my own face and figure reflected in all the mirrors, which showed only a mysterious back-ground in the dim light of the many candles which failed to illuminate the great proportions of the half-furnished salon, I clung to M. de la Tourelle, and begged to be taken to the rooms he had occupied before his marriage; he seemed angry with me, although he affected to laugh, and so decidedly put aside the notion of my having any other rooms but these that I trembled in silence at the fantastic figures and shapes which my imagination called up as peopling the back-ground of those gloomy mirrors. There was my boudoir, a little less dreary—my bedroom, with its grand and tarnished furniture, which I commonly made into my sitting-room, locking up the various doors which led into the boudoir, the salon, the passage—all but one, through which M. de la Tourelle always entered from his own apartments in the older part of the castle. But this preference of mine for occupying my bedroom annoyed M. de la Tourelle, I am sure, although he did not care to express his displeasure. He would always allure me back into the salon, which I disliked more and more from its complete separation from the rest of the building by the long passage into which all the doors of my apartment opened. This passage was closed by heavy doors and portières, through which I could not hear a sound from the other parts of the house, and, of course, the servants could not hear any movement or cry of mine unless expressly summoned. To a girl brought up as I had been in a household where every individual lived all day in the sight of every other member of the family, never wanted either cheerful words or the sense of silent companionship, this grand isolation of mine was very formidable; and the more so, because M. de la Tourelle, as landed proprietor, sportsman, and what not, was generally out of doors the greater part of every day, and sometimes for two or three days at a time. I had no pride to keep me from associating with the domestics; it would have been natural to me in many ways to have sought them out for a word of sympathy in those dreary days when I was left so entirely to myself, had they been like our kindly German servants. But I disliked them, one and all; I could not tell why. Some were civil, but there was a familiarity in their civility which repelled me; others were rude, and treated me more as if I were an intruder than their master's chosen wife; and yet of the two sets I liked these last the best.

The principal male servant belonged to this latter class. I was very much afraid of him, he had such an air of suspicious surliness about him in all he did for me; and yet M. de la Tourelle spoke of him as most valuable and faithful. Indeed, it sometimes struck me that Lefebvre ruled his master in some things; and this I could not make out. For, while M. de la Tourelle behaved toward me as if I were some precious toy or idol, to be cherished, and fostered, and petted, and indulged, I soon found out how little I, or, apparently, any one else, could bend the terrible will of the man who had, on first acquaintance, appeared to me too effeminate and languid to exert his will in the slightest particular. I had learned to know his face better now; and to see that some vehement depth of feeling, the cause of which I could not fathom, made his gray eye glitter with pale light, and his lips contract, and his delicate cheek whiten on certain occasions. But all had been so open and above board at home that I had no experience to help me to unravel any mysteries among those who lived under the same roof. I understood that I had made what Madame Rupprecht and her set would have called a great marriage, because I lived in a château with many servants, bound ostensibly to obey me as a mistress. I understood that M. de la Tourelle was fond enough of me in his way—proud of my beauty, I dare say (for he often enough spoke about it to me)—but he was also jealous, and suspicious, and uninfluenced by my wishes, unless they tallied with his own. I felt at this time as if I could have been fond of him too, if he would have let me; but I was timid from my childhood, and before long my dread of his displeasure (coming down like thunder into the midst of his love, for such slight causes as a hesitation in reply, a wrong word, or a sigh for my father) conquered my humorous inclination to love one who was so handsome, so accomplished, so indulgent and devoted. But if I could not please him when indeed I loved him, you may imagine how often I did wrong when I was so much afraid of him as to quietly avoid his company for fear of his outbursts of passion. One thing I remember noticing, that the more M. de la Tourelle was displeased with me the more Lefebvre seemed to chuckle; and when I was restored to favor, sometimes on as sudden an impulse as that which occasioned my disgrace, Lefebvre would look askance at me with his cold, malicious eyes, and once or twice at such times he spoke most disrespectfully to M. de la Tourelle.

I have almost forgotten to say that, in the early days of my life at Les Rochers, M. de la Tourelle, in contemptuous indulgent pity at my weakness in disliking the dreary grandeur of the salon, wrote up to the milliner in Paris from whom my corbeille de mariage had come, to desire her to look out for me a maid of middle age, experienced in the toilet, and with so much refinement that she might on occasion serve as companion to me.

A Norman woman, Amante by name, was sent to Les Rochers by the Paris milliner, to become my maid. She was tall and handsome, though upward of forty, and somewhat gaunt. But on first seeing her I liked her; she was neither rude nor familiar in her manners, and had a pleasant look of straightforwardness about her that I had missed in all the inhabitants of the château, and had foolishly set down in my own mind as a national want. Amante was directed by M. de la Tourelle to sit in my boudoir, and to be always within call. He also gave her many instructions as to her duties in matters which, perhaps, strictly belonged to my department of management. But I was young and inexperienced, and thankful to be spared any responsibility.

I dare say it was true what M. de la Tourelle said—before many weeks had elapsed—that, for a great lady, a lady of a castle, I became sadly too familiar with my Norman waiting-maid. But you know that by birth we were not very far apart in rank: Amante was the daughter of a Norman farmer, I of a German miller; and, besides, that my life was so lonely! It almost seemed as if I could not please my husband. He had written for some one capable of being my companion at times, and now he was jealous of my free regard for her—angry because I could sometimes laugh at her original tunes and amusing proverbs, while when with him I was too much frightened to smile.

From time to time families from a distance of some leagues drove through the bad roads in their heavy carriages to pay us a visit, and there was an occasional talk of our going to Paris when public affairs should be a little more settled. These little events and plans were the only variations in my life for the first twelve months, if I except the alternations in M. de la Tourelle's temper, his unreasonable anger, and his passionate fondness.

Perhaps one of the reasons that made me take pleasure and comfort in Amante's society was, that whereas I was afraid of every body (I do not think I was half as much afraid of things as of persons), Amante feared no one. She would quietly beard Lefebvre, and he respected her all the more for it; she had a knack of putting questions to M. de la Tourelle, which respectfully informed him that she had detected the weak point, but forbore to press him too closely upon it out of deference to his position as her master. And with all her shrewdness to others, she had quite tender ways with me; all the more so at this time because she knew, what I had not yet ventured to tell M. de la Tourelle, that by-and-by I might become a mother, that wonderful object of mysterious interest to single women, who no longer hope to enjoy such blessedness themselves.

It was once more autumn; late in October. But I was reconciled to my habitation; the walls of the new part of the building no longer looked bare and desolate; the débris had been so far cleared away by M. de la Tourelle's desire as to make me a little flower-garden, in which I tried to cultivate those plants that I remembered as growing at home. Amante and I had moved the furniture in the rooms, and adjusted it to our liking; my husband had ordered many an article from time to time that he thought would give me pleasure, and I was becoming tame to my apparent imprisonment in a certain part of the great building, the whole of which I had never yet explored. It was October, as I say, once more. The days were lovely, though short in duration, and M. de la Tourelle had occasion, so he said, to go to that distant estate the superintendence of which so frequently took him away from home. He took Lefebvre with him, and possibly some more of the lackeys; he often did. And my spirits rose a little at the thought of his absence; and then the new sensation that he was the father of my unborn babe came over me, and I tried to invest him with this fresh character. I tried to believe that it was his passionate love for me that made him so jealous and tyrannical, imposing, as he did, restrictions on my very intercourse with my dear father, from whom I was so entirely separated, as far as personal intercourse was concerned.

I had, it is true, let myself go into a sorrowful review of all the troubles which lay hidden beneath the seeming luxury of my life. I knew that no one cared for me except my husband and Amante; for it was clear enough to see that I, as his wife, and also as a parvenu, was not popular among the few neighbors who surrounded us; and as for the servants, the women were all hard and impudent-looking, treating me with a semblance of respect that had more of mockery than reality in it, while the men had a lurking kind of fierceness about them, sometimes displayed even to M. de la Tourelle, who on his part, it must be confessed, was often severe even to cruelty in his management of them. My husband loved me, I said to myself, but I said it almost in the form of a question. His love was shown fitfully, and more in ways calculated to please himself than to please me. I felt that for no wish of mine would he deviate one tittle from any predetermined course of action. I had learned the inflexibility of those thin, delicate lips; I knew how anger would turn his fair complexion to deadly white, and bring the cruel light into his pale blue eyes. The love I bore to any one seemed to be a reason for his hating them, and so I went on pitying myself one long dreary afternoon during that absence of his of which I have spoken, only sometimes remembering to check myself in my murmurings by thinking of the new unseen link between us, and then crying afresh to think how wicked I was. Oh, how well I remember that long October evening! Amante came in from time to time, talking away to cheer me—talking about dress and Paris, and I hardly know what, but from time to time looking at me keenly with her friendly dark eyes, and with serious interest, too, though all her words were about frivolity. At length she heaped the fire with wood, drew the heavy silken curtains close; for I had been anxious hitherto to keep them open so that I might see the pale moon mounting the skies, as I used to see her—the same moon—rise from behind the Kaiser Stuhl at Heidelberg; but the sight made me cry, so Amante shut it out. She dictated to me as a nurse does to a child.

"Now, Madame must have the little kitten to keep her company," she said, "while I go and ask Marthon for a cup of coffee." I remember that speech, and the way it roused me, for I did not like Amante to think I wanted amusing by a kitten. It might be my petulance, but this speech—such as she might have made to a child—annoyed me, and I said that I had reason for my lowness of spirits—meaning that they were not of so imaginary a nature that I could be diverted from them by the gambols of a kitten. So, though I did not choose to tell her all, I told her a part; and as I spoke, I began to suspect that the good creature knew much of what I withheld, and that the little speech about the kitten was more thoughtfully kind than it had seemed at first. I said that it was so long since I had heard from my father; that he was an old man, and so many things might happen—I might never see him again—and I so seldom heard from him or my brother; it was a more complete and total separation than I had ever anticipated when I married, and something of my home and of my life previous to my marriage I told the good Amante; for I had not been brought up as a great lady, and the sympathy of any human being was precious to me.

Amante listened with interest, and in return told me some of the events and sorrows of her own life. Then, remembering her purpose, she set out in search of the coffee, which ought to have been brought to me an hour before; but in my husband's absence my wishes were but seldom attended to, and I never dared to give orders.

Presently she returned, bringing the coffee and a great large cake.

"See!" said she, setting it down. "Look at my plunder. Madame must eat. Those who eat always laugh. And, besides, I have a little news that will please Madame." Then she told me that, lying on a table in the great kitchen, was a bundle of letters, come by the courier from Strasburg that very afternoon; then, fresh from her conversation with me, she had hastily untied the string that bound them, but had only just traced out one that she thought was from Germany, when a servant-man came in, and with the start he gave her she dropped the letters, which he picked up, swearing at her for having untied and disarranged them. She told him that she believed there was a letter there for her mistress; but he only swore the more, saying that if there was it was no business of hers, or of his either, for that he had the strictest orders always to take all letters that arrived during his master's absence into the private sitting-room of the latter—a room into which I had never entered, although it opened out of my husband's dressing-room.

I asked Amante if she had not conquered and brought me this letter. No, indeed, she replied, it was almost as much as her life was worth to live among such a set of servants; it was only a month ago that Jacques had stabbed Valentin for some jesting talk. Had I never missed Valentin—that handsome young lad who carried up the wood into my salon? Poor fellow! he lies dead and cold now, and they said in the village he had put an end to himself, but those of the household knew better. Oh! I need not be afraid; Jacques was gone, no one knew where; but with such people it was not safe to upbraid or insist. Monsieur would be at home the next day, and it would not be long to wait.

But I felt as if I could not exist till the next day without the letter. It might be to say that my father was ill, dying—he might cry for his daughter from his death-bed! In short, there was no end to the thoughts and fancies that haunted me. It was of no use for Amante to say that, after all, she might be mistaken—that she did not read writing well—that she had but a glimpse of the address; I let my coffee cool, my food all became distasteful, and I wrung my hands with impatience to get at the letter, and have some news of my dear ones at home. All the time Amante kept her imperturbable good temper, first reasoning, then scolding. At last she said, as if wearied out, that if I would consent to make a good supper, she would see what could be done as to our going to Monsieur's room in search of the letter, after the servants were all gone to bed. We agreed to go together when all was still, and look over the letters; there could be no harm in that; and yet, somehow, we were such cowards we dared not do it openly and in the face of the household.

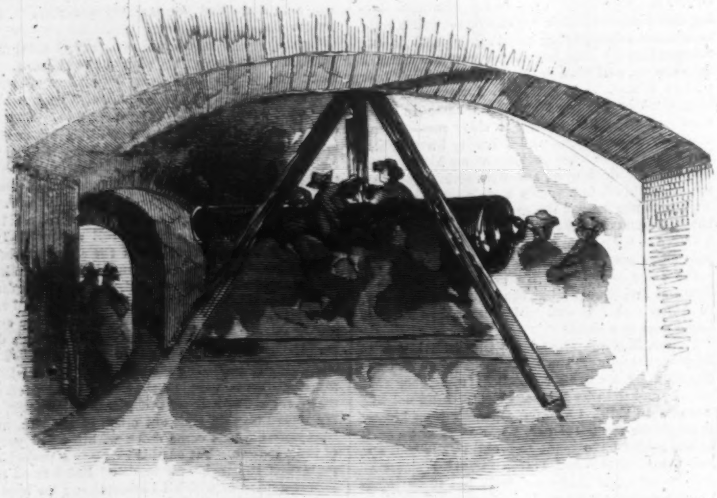
Presently my supper came up—partridges, bread, fruits, and cream. How well I remember that supper! We put the untouched cake away in a sort of buffet, and poured the cold coffee out of the window, in order that the servants might not take offense at the apparent fancifulness of sending down for food I could not eat. I was so anxious for all to be in bed that I told the footman who served that he need not wait to take away the plates and dishes, but might go to bed. Long after I thought the house was quiet, Amante, in her caution, made me wait. It was past eleven before we set out, with cat-like steps and veiled light, along the passages, to go to my husband's room and steal my own letter, if it was indeed there—a fact about which Amante had become very uncertain in the progress of our discussion.

To make you understand my story, I must now try to explain to you the plan of the château. It had been at one time a fortified place of some strength, perched on the summit of a rock, which projected from the side of the mountain. But additions had been made to the old building (which must have borne a strong resemblance to the castles overhanging the Rhine), and these new buildings were placed so as to command a magnificent view, being on the steepest side of the rock, from which the mountain fell away, as it were, leaving the great plain of France in full survey. The ground-plan was something of the shape of three sides of an oblong; my apartments in the modern edifice occupied the narrow end, and had this grand prospect. The front of the castle was old, and ran parallel to the road far below. In this were contained the offices and public rooms of various descriptions, into which I never penetrated. The back wing (considering the new building, in which my apartments were, as the centre) consisted of many rooms, of a dark and gloomy character, as the mountain-side shut out much of the sun, and heavy pine woods came down within a few yards of the windows. Yet on this side—on a projecting plateau of the rock—my husband had formed the flower-garden of which I have spoken; for he was a great cultivator of flowers in his leisure moments.

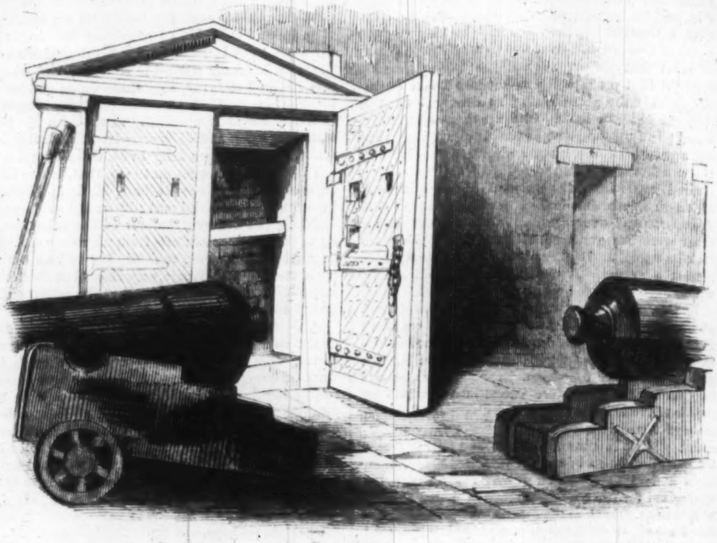
Now my bedroom was the corner room of the new buildings on the part next to the mountain. Hence I could have let myself down into the flower-garden by my hands on the window-sill on one side, without danger of hurting myself; while the windows at right angles with these looked sheer down a descent of a hundred feet at least. Going still farther along this wing, you came to the old building; in fact, these two fragments of the ancient castle had formerly been attached by some such connecting apartments as my husband had rebuilt. These rooms belonged to M. de la Tourelle. His bedroom opened into mine, his dressing-room lay beyond; and that was pretty nearly all I knew, for the servants, as well as he himself, had a knack of turning me back, under some pretense, if ever they found me walking about alone, as I was inclined to do, when first I came, from a sort of curiosity to see the whole of the place of which I found myself mistress. M. de la Tourelle never encouraged me to go out alone, either in a carriage or for a walk, saying always that the roads were unsafe in those disturbed times; indeed, I have sometimes fancied since that the flower-garden, to which the only access from the castle was through his rooms, was designed in order to give me exercise and employment under his own eye.

But to return to that night. I knew, as I have said, that M. de la Tourelle's private room opened out of his dressing-room, and this out of his bedroom, which again opened into mine, the corner room. But there were other doors into all these rooms, and these doors led into a long gallery, lighted by windows, looking into the inner court. I do not remember our consulting much about it; we went through my room into my husband's apartment through the dressing-room; but the door of communication into his study was locked, so there was nothing for it but to turn back and go by the gallery to the other door. I recollect noticing one or two things in these rooms, then seen by me for the first time. I remember the sweet perfume that hung in the air, the scent bottles of silver that decked his toilet-table, and the whole apparatus for bathing and dressing, more luxurious even than those which he had provided for me. But the room itself was less splendid in its proportions than mine. In truth, the new buildings ended at the entrance to my husband's dressing-room. There were deep window recesses in walls eight or nine feet thick, and even the partitions between the chambers were three feet deep; but over all these doors or windows there fell thick, heavy draperies, so that I should think no one could have heard in one room what passed in another. We went back into my room, and out into the gallery. We had to shade our candle, from a fear that possessed us, I don't know why, lest some of the servants in the opposite wing might trace our progress toward the part of the castle unused by any one except my husband. Somehow, I had always the feeling that all the domestics, except Amante, were spies upon me, and that I was trammeled in a web of observation and unspoken limitation extending over all my actions.

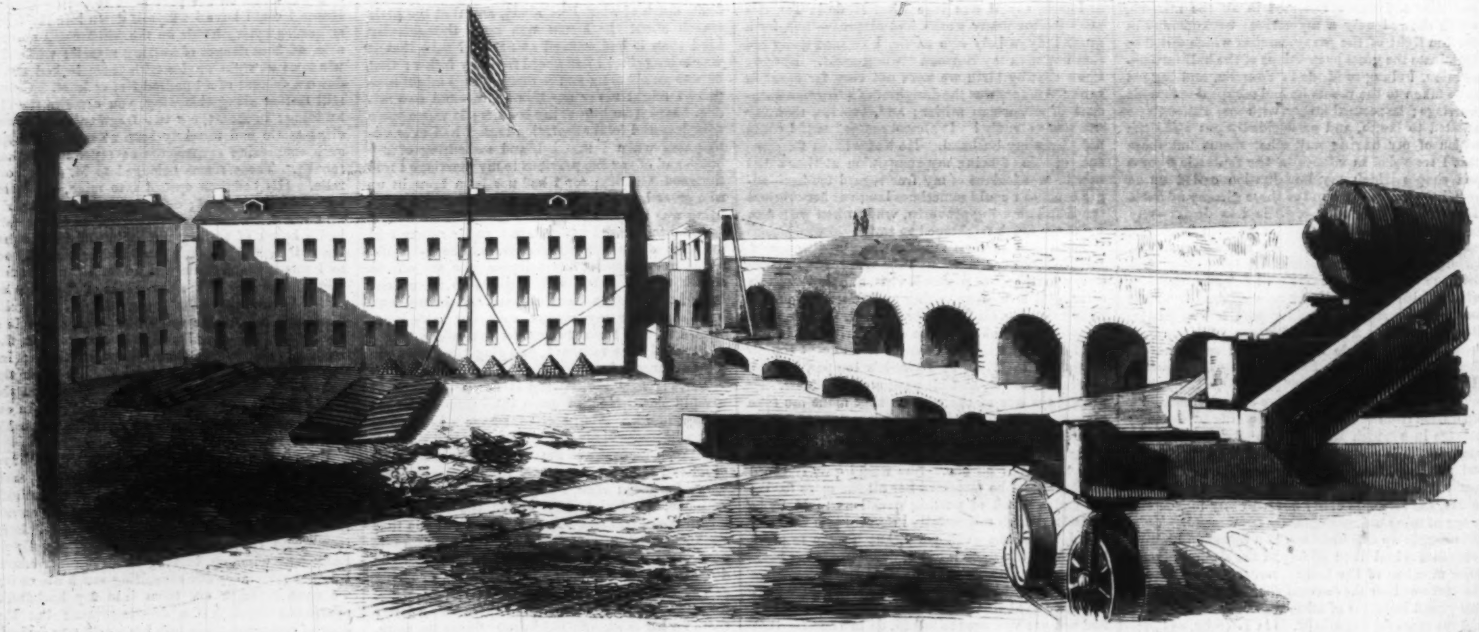
There was a light in the upper room; we paused, and Amante would have again retreated, but I was chafing under the delays. What was the harm of my seeking my father's unopened letter to me in my husband's study? I, generally the coward, now blamed Amante for her unusual timidity. But the truth was, she had far more reason for suspicion as to the proceedings of that terrible household than I had ever known of. I urged her on, I pressed on myself; we came to the door, locked, but with the key in it; we turned it, we entered; the letters lay on the table, their white oblongs catching the light in an instant, and revealing themselves to my eager eyes, hungering after the words of love from my peaceful distant home. But just as I pressed forward to examine the letters the candle, which Amante held, caught in some draught, went out, and we were in darkness. Amante proposed that we should carry the letters back to my salon, collecting them as well as we could in the dark, and returning all but the expected one for me; but I begged her to return to my room, where I kept tinder and flint, and to strike a fresh light; and so she went, and I remained alone in the room, of which I could only just distinguish the size and the principal articles of furniture: a large table, with a deep overhanging cloth, in the middle, escritoires and other heavy articles against the walls, all this I could see as I stood there, my hand on the table close by the let-



FORT SUMTER—THE CASEMATES: HOISTING A GUN.



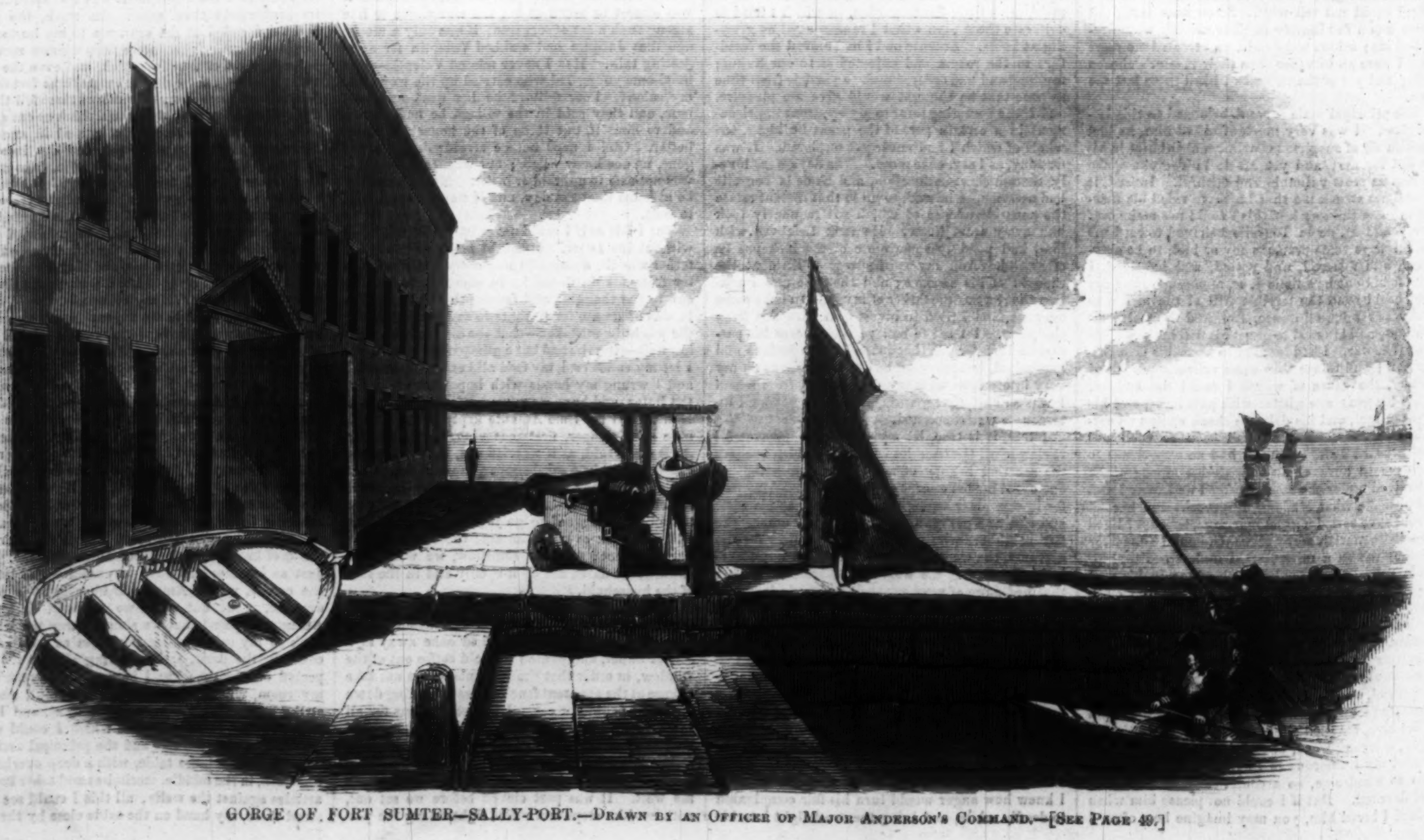
FORT SUMTER—THE SALLY-PORT.



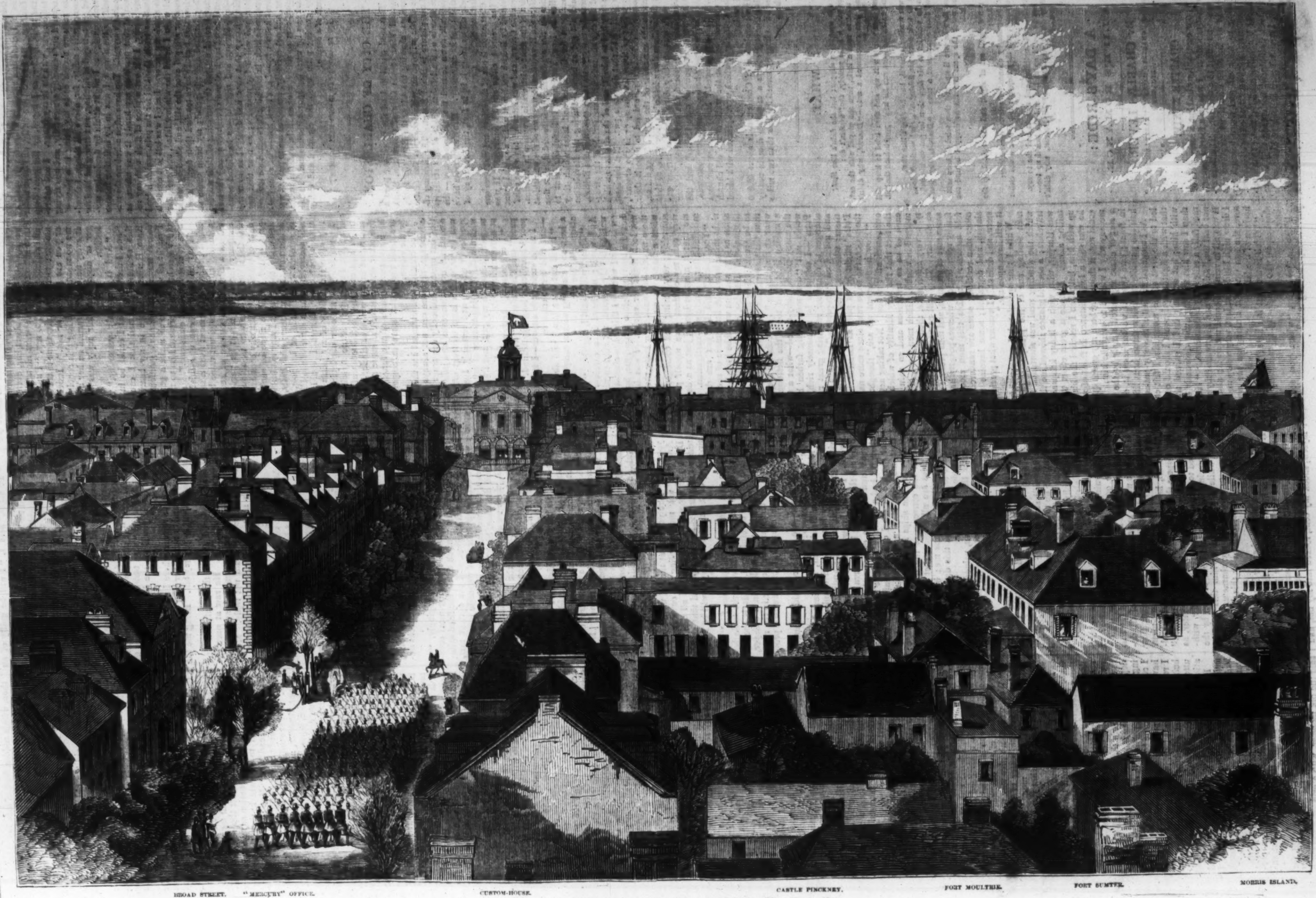
INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER, FROM THE PARAPET.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

ters, my face toward the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler, purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance before the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know; but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the window, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I bethought me of the hiding-place between the locked



GORGE OF FORT SUMTER—SALLY-PORT.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]


Broad Street.
"Mercury" Office.
Custom-House.
Castle Pinckney.
Fort Moultrie.
Fort Sumter.
Morris Island.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 62.]

door to my husband's dressing-room and the portière which covered it; but I gave that up, I felt as if I could not reach it without screaming or fainting. So I sank down softly, and crept under the table, hidden, as I hoped, by the great deep table-cover, with its heavy fringe. I had not recovered my swooning senses fully, and was trying to reassure myself as to my being in a place of comparative safety, for, above all things, I dreaded the betrayal of fainting, and struggled hard for such courage as I might attain by deadening myself to the danger I was in by inflicting intense pain on myself. You have often asked me the reason of that mark on my hand; it was where, in my agony, I bit out a piece of flesh with my relentless teeth, thankful for the pain, which helped to numb my terror. I say I was but just concealed when I heard the window lifted, and one after another stepped over the sill, and stood by me so close that I could have touched their feet. Then they laughed and whispered; my brain swam so that I could not tell the meaning of their words; but I heard my husband's laughter among the rest—low, hissing, and scornful—as he kicked something heavy that they had dragged in over the floor, and which lay near me; so near that my husband's kick, in touching it, touched me too. I don't know why—I can't tell how—but some feeling, and not curiosity, prompted me to put out my hand, ever so softly, ever so little, and feel in the darkness for what lay spurned beside me. I stole my groping palm upon the clenched and chilly hand of a corpse!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

THE reader will find on the preceding page a General View of the City of Charleston, South Carolina, showing the City, the Bay, the Forts, etc. The wide street which occupies the centre of the picture is Broad Street. The *Mercury* office stands on the left-hand side of this street as you walk down toward the Custom-house — the building at its extremity. Many merchants have their offices here; it is, in fact, the Broadway of Charleston.

Charleston is one of the oldest, and was once one of the greatest, cities on this continent. It was founded by British noblemen under a special grant from the Crown, and was intended to be the chief town of the most aristocratic province in America. Before the Revolution it was one of the wealthiest cities on the sea-board; it is recorded, that fine ladies in New York and Philadelphia sent to Charleston for the silks and laces which they could not get at home. During the Revolution it was for many years in possession of the British, and the city abounds with memorials of the struggle they had to take it, and of the straits to which the patriots of that day were put. Not the least interesting of these famous spots is the arsenal, where the citizens were ordered to deposit their arms on the surrender of the city. They did so, but threw them down loaded as they were, so that the work was scarcely done when a terrific explosion almost uprooted the town itself. Some 20,000 pounds of powder were ignited, and the lunatic asylum, poor-house, guard-house, barracks, etc., were all destroyed. Many lifeless carcasses were dashed against the walls of the old church of the Unitarians, which were splashed with blood and brains.

The population of Charleston is about 40,000 souls; the city covers a corporate domain nearly three miles long by something less than two miles at the widest.

WHAT.

SHE was working a slipper; but she didn't like *that;*
She sang a little melody, *that* wouldn't do;
She tried to read a little, then she played with the cat,
And then commenced a note—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"
And then she tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

He was reading a novel, but he didn't like *that,*
So he took down his fishing-rod, *that* wouldn't do;
Then he whistled to his dog, then he put on his hat,
And *then* commenced a note — "Dearest, why didn't you—?"
And then he tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up the lane;
He too, quite by chance, of course, came along;
So they met, and they stopped: not a look would either deign:
Then he said—nothing, and naught had she to say.
At last he look'd up at her, and she look'd up too—
'Why *didn't* you—Dearest?'—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY poor companions had but a sorry time of it on that morning. I was in a fearful temper, and made no effort to control it. The little romance of my meeting with these creatures was beginning to scale off, and there beneath lay the vulgar metal of the natures exposed to view. As for old Vaterchen shuffling along in his tattered shoes, half-stupid with wine and shame together, I couldn't bear to look at him; while Tintenfleck, although at the outset abashed by my rebukeful tone and cold manner, had now rallied, and seemed well disposed to assert her own against all comers. Yes, there was a palpable air of defiance about her, even to the way that she sang as she went along; every thrill and cadence seemed to say, "I'm doing this to amuse myself; never imagine that I care whether you are pleased or not." Indeed, she left me no means of avoiding this conclusion, since at every time that I turned on her a look of anger or displeasure her reply was to sing the louder.

"And it was only yesterday," thought I, "and I dreamed that I could be in love with this creature—dreamed that I could replace Kate Herbert's image in my heart with that coarse travesty of woman's gentleness. Why, I might as well hope to make a gentleman of old Väterchen, and present him to the world as a man of station and eminence."

What an insane hope was this! As well might I shiver a fragment from a stone on the roadside, and think to give it value by having it set as a ring. The caprice of keeping them company for a day might be pardonable. It was the whim of one who is, above all, a student of mankind. But why continue the companionship? A little more of such intimacy, and who is to say what I may not imbibe of their habits and their natures; and Potts, the man of sentiment, the child of impulse, romance, and poetry, become a slave of the Play—a saltimbanque! Now, though I could implicitly rely upon the rigidity of my joints to prevent the possibility of my ever displaying any feats of agility, I could yet picture myself in a long-tailed blue coat and jack-boots walking round and round in the saw-dust circle, with four or five other creatures of the same sort, and who have no consciousness of any function till they are made the butt of some extempore drollery by the clown.

The creative temperament has this great disadvantage, that one can not always build castles, but must occasionally construct hovels, and sometimes even dungeons and jails; and here was I now, with a large contract order for this species of edifice, and certainly I set to work with a will. The impatience of my mind communicated itself to my gait, and I walked along at a tremendous rate.

"I can scarcely keep up with you at this pace," said Tintenfleck; "and see, we have left poor Väterchen a long way behind."

I made some rude answer—I know not what—and told her to come on.

"I will not leave him," said she, coming to a halt, and standing with a composed and firm attitude before me.

"Then I will!" said I, angrily. "Farewell!" And waving my hand in a careless adieu, I walked briskly onward, not even turning a look on her as I went. I think I'm almost certain I heard a heavy sob close behind me, but I would not look round for worlds. I was in one of those moods—all weak men know them well—when a harsh or an ungracious act appears something very daring and courageous. The very pain my conduct gave myself persuaded me that it must be heroic, just as a devotee is satisfied after a severe self-castigation.

"Yes, Potts," said I, "you are doing the right thing here. A little more of such association as this, and you would be little better than themselves. Besides, and above all, you ought to be 'real.' Now these are not real any more than the tinsel gems and tin-foil splendors they wear on their tunics." It broke on me too, like a sudden light, that to be the fictitious Potts, the many-sided, many-tinted—what a German would call "der metallartig farben bedeckte Potts"—I ought to be immensely rich, all my changes of character requiring great resources and unlimited "properties," as stage folk call them; whereas, "der echte wahrhaftige mann Potts" might be as poor as Lazarus. Indeed, the poorer the more real, since more natural.

"How inconsistent we are," thought I, "in our search after riches! Not taking account of the fact that the very identity of which we are each of us so tenacious and so vain is ever merged in wealth. Rich men must, of necessity, be very much alike, their surroundings being so similar. They will naturally conform to the same sort of pressure, and thus present a strong family resemblance, whereas poverty has manifold aspects: it makes this man moody, that other man reckless; some are rendered abject, slavish, and degraded; some become morose, stern, and defiant. I wonder what precise effect it will have upon me."

While I thus speculated, I caught sight of a man scaling one of the precipitous paths by which the winding road was shortened for foot travelers; a second glance showed me that this was Harpar, who, with a heavy knapsack, was toiling along. I made a great effort to come up with him, but when I reached the high road he was still a long distance in front of me. I could not, if there had been any one to question me, say why I wished to overtake him. It was a sort of chase suggested simply by the object in front; rare type, if we but knew it, of one-half the pursuits we follow throughout life.

As I mounted the last of these by-paths which led to the crest of the mountain, I felt certain that with a lighter equipment I should come up with him; but scarcely had I gained the top than I saw him striding away vigorously on the road fully a mile away beneath me. "He shall not beat me," said I; and I increased my speed. It was all in vain. I could not do it; and when I drew nigh Lindau at last, very weary and footsore, the sun was just sinking on the western horizon of the lake.

"Which is the best inn here?" asked I of a shopkeeper who was lounging carelessly at his door.

"Yonder," said he, "where you see that post-carriage turning into."

"To-night," said I, "I will be guilty of an extravagance. I will treat myself to a good supper, and an honest glass of wine." And on these hospitable thoughts intent I unslung my knapsack, and, throwing as much of distinction as I could into my manner, strolled into the public room.

So busied was the household in attending to the travelers who arrived "extra post," that none condescended to notice me, till at last, as the tumult subsided, a venerable old waiter approached me, and said, in a half-friendly, half-rebukeful tone, "It is at the Swan you ought to be, my friend; the next turning but two to the left hand, and you'll see the blue lantern over the gateway."

"I mean to remain where I am," said I, imperiously, "and to remember your impertinence when I am about to pay my bill. Bring me the 'carte.'"

I was overjoyed to see the confusion and shame of the old fellow. He saw at once the grievous error he had committed, and was so overwhelmed that he could not reply. Meanwhile, with all the painstaking accuracy of a practiced gourmand, I was making a careful note of what I wished for supper.

"Are you not ashamed," said I, rebukefully, "to have ortolans here, when you know in your heart they are swallows?"

He was so abject that he could only give a melancholy smile, as though to say, "Be merciful, and spare us!"

"Bohemian pheasant, too—come, come, this is too bad! Be frank and confess; how often has that one speckled tail done duty on a capon of your own raising?"

"Gracious Herr!" muttered he, "do not crush us altogether."

I don't think that he said this in actual words, but his terrified eyes and his shaking cheeks declared it.

"Never mind," said I, encouragingly, "it will not hurt us to make a sparing meal occasionally; with the venison steak, the fried salmon, the duck with olives, and the apricot tart, we will satisfy appetite, and persuade ourselves, if we can, that we have fared luxuriously."

"And the wine, Sir?" asked he.

"Ah, there we *are* difficult. No little Baden vintage, no small wine of the Bergstrasse, can impose upon us! Liebfrauen milch, or, if you can guarantee it, Marcobrunner will do; but, mind, no substitutes!"

He laid his hand over his heart and bowed low; and, as he moved away, I said to myself, "What a mesmerism there must be in real money, since, even with the mockery of it, I have made that creature a bond slave." Brief as was the interval in preparing my meal, it was enough to allow me a very considerable share of reflection, and I found that, do what I would, a certain voice within would whisper, "Where are your fine resolutions now, Potts? Is this the life of reality that you had promised yourself? Are you not at the old work again? Are you not masquerading it once more? Don't you know well enough that all this pretension of yours is bad money, and that at the first ring of it on the counter you will be found out?"

"This you may rely on, gracious Sir," said the waiter, as he laid a bottle on the table beside me with a careful hand. "It is the orange seal;" and he then added, in a whisper, "taken from the Margrave's cellar in the revolution of '93, and every flask of it worth a province."

"We shall see—we shall see," said I, haughtily; "serve the soup!"

If I had been Belshazzar, I believe I should have eaten very heartily, and drunk my wine with a great relish, notwithstanding that drawn sword. I don't know how it is, but if I can only see the smallest bit of terra firma between myself and the edge of a precipice, I feel as though I had a whole vast prairie to range over. For the life of me I can not realize any thing that may, or may not, befall me remotely. "Blue are the ships far off," says the adage; and on the converse of the maxim do I aver, that faint are all dangers that are distant. A sudden peril overwhelms me; but I could look forward to a shipwreck this day fortnight with a fortitude truly heroic.

After this confession, valued reader, marvel no more that I luxuriated in my present beatitude, and sipped my Rhenish with a racy enjoyment.

"This is a nice old half-forgotten sort of place," thought I; "a kind of vulgar Venice, water-washed, and muddy, and dreary, and do-nothing. I'll stay here for a week or so; I'll give myself up to the drowsy 'genius loci;' I'll Germanize to the top of my bent; who is to say what metaphysical melancholy, dashed with a strange diabolic humor, may not come of constantly feeding on this heavy cookery, and eternally listening to their gurgling gutturals? I may come out a Wieland or a Herder, with a sprinkling of Henri Heine! Yes," said I, "this is the true way to approach life; first of all, develop your own faculties, and then mark how in their exercise you influence your fellow-men. Above all, however, cultivate your individuality, respect this the greatest of all the unities."

"Ja, gnädeger Herr," said the old waiter, as he tried to step away from my grasp, for, without knowing it, I had laid hold of him by the wrist while I addressed to him this speech. Desirous to re-establish my character for sanity, somewhat compromised by this incident, I said,

"Have you a money-changer in these parts? If so, let me have some silver for this English gold." I put my hand in my pocket for my purse; not finding it, I tried another and another. I ransacked them all over again, patted myself, shook my coat, looked into my hat, and then, with a sudden flash of memory, I bethought me that I had left it with Catinka, and was actually without one sou in the world! I sat down, pale and almost fainting, and my arms fell powerless at my sides.

"I have lost my purse!" gasped I out, at length.

"Indeed!" said the old man, but with a tone of such palpable scorn that it actually sickened me.

"Yes," said I, with all that force which is the peculiar prerogative of truth; "and in it all the money I possessed."

"I have no doubt of it," rejoined he, in the same dry tone as before.

"You have no doubt of what, old man? Or what do you mean by the supercilious quietness with which you assent to my misfortune? Send the landlord to me."

"I will do more; I will send the police," said he, as he shuffled out of the room.

I have met scores of men on my way through life who would not have felt the slightest embarrassment in such a situation as mine; fellows so accustomed to shipwreck that the cry of "Breakers ahead!" or "Man the boats!" would have occasioned neither excitement nor trepidation. What stuff they are made of instead of nerves, muscles, and arteries, I can not imagine, since, when the question is self-preservation, how can it possibly be more imminent than when not alone your animal existence is jeopardized, but the dearer and more precious life of fame and character is in peril?

For a moment I thought that though this besotted old fool of a waiter might suspect my probity, the more clear-sighted intelligence of the landlord would at once recognize my honest nature, and with the confidence of a noble conviction say, "Don't tell me that the man yonder is a knave. I read him very differently. Tell me your story, Sir." And then I would tell it. It is not improbable that my speculation might have been verified had it not been that it was a landlady and not a landlord who swayed the destinies of the inn. Oh, what a wise invention of our ancestors was the salic law! How justly they appreciated the unbridled rashness of the female nature in command! How well they understood the one-idead impetuosity with which they rush to wrong conclusions!

Until I listened to the Frau von Wintner, I imagined the German language somewhat weak in the matter of epithets. She undeceived me on this head, showing resources of abusive import that would have done credit to a Homeric hero. Having given me full ten minutes of a strong vocabulary, she then turned on the waiter, scornfully asking him if, at his time of life, he ought to have let himself be imposed upon by so palpable and undeniable a swindler as myself. She clearly showed that there was no extenuation of his fault, that rogue and vagabond had been written on my face, and inscribed in my manner; not to mention that I had followed the well-beaten track of all my fraternity in fraud, and ordered every thing the most costly the house could command. In fact, so strenuously did she urge this point, and so eager did she seem about enforcing a belief in her statement, that I almost began to suspect she might suggest an anatomical examination of me to sustain her case. Had she been even less eloquent, the audience would still have been with her, for it is a curious but unquestionable fact that in all little visited localities the stranger is ungraciously regarded and ill-looked on.

Whenever I attempted to interpose a word in my defense I was overborne at once. Indeed, public opinion was so decidedly against me that I felt very happy in thinking Lynch law was not a Teutonic institution. The room was now filled with retainers of the inn, strangers, townfolk, and police, and, to judge by the violence of their gestures and the loud tones of their voices, one would have pronounced me a criminal of the worst sort.

"But what is it that he has done? What's his offense?" I heard a voice say from the crowd, and I fancied his accent was that of a stranger. A perfect inundation of vituperative accusation, however, now poured in, and I could gather no more. The turmoil and uproar rose and fell, and fell and rose again, till at last, my patience utterly exhausted, I burst out into a very violent attack on the uncivilized habits of a people who could thus conduct themselves to a man totally unconvicted of any offense.

"Well, well, don't give way to passion; don't let temper get the better of you," said a fat, citizen-like man beside me. "The stranger there has just paid for what you have had, and all is settled."

I thought I should have fainted as I heard these words. Indeed, until that instant I had never brought home to my own mind the utter destitution of my state; but now there I stood, realizing to myself the condition of one of those we read of in our newspapers as having received five shillings from the poor-box, while D. 490 is deputed to make inquiries after him at his lodging, and learn particulars of his life and habits. I could have borne being sent to prison. I could have endured any amount of severity, so long as I revolted against its injustice; but the sense of being an object of actual charity crushed me utterly, and I could nearly have cried with vexation.

By degrees the crowd thinned off, and I found myself standing alone beside the table where I had dined, with the hateful old waiter, as though standing a sentinel over me.

"Who is this person," asked I, haughtily, "who, with an indelicate generosity, has presumed to interfere with the concerns of a stranger?"

"The gracious nobleman who has paid for your dinner is now eating his own, at No. 8," said the old monster, with a grin.

"I will call upon him when he has dined," said I, transfixing the wretch with a look so stern as to make rejoinder impossible; and then, throwing my plaid wrapper and my knapsack on a table near, I strolled out into the street.

Lindau is a picturesque old place, as it stands rising as it were out of the very waters of the Lake of Constance, and the great mountain of the Sentis, with its peak of six thousand feet high, is a fine object in the distance; while the gorge up of the Upper Rhine offers many a grand effect of Alpine scenery, not the less striking when looked at with a setting sun, which made the fore-ground more massive and the hill-tops golden; and yet I carried that in my heart which made the whole picture as dark and dreary as Poussin's "Deluge." It was all very beautiful. There was the snow-white summit, reflected in the still water of the lake; there the rich wood, browned with autumn, and now tinted with a golden glory, richer again; there were the white-sailed boats, asleep on the calm surface, streaked with the variegated light of the clouds above, and it was peaceful as it was picturesque. But do what I could, I could not enjoy it, and all because I had lost my purse—just as if certain fragments of a yellow metal the more or the less ought to obscure eyesight, dull the sense of hearing, and make a man's whole existence miserable. "And after all," thought I, "Catinka will be here this evening, or to-morrow, at farthest. Väterchen was tired, and could not come on. It was I who left them; I, in my impatience and ill-humor. The old man doubtless knew nothing of the purse confided to the girl, nor is it at all needful that he should. They will certainly follow me, and why, for the mere inconvenience of an hour or so, should I persist in seeing the whole world so crape-covered and sad-looking? Surely this is not the philosophy my knowledge of life has taught me. I ought to know and feel that these daily accidents are but stones on the road one travels. They may, perchance, wound the foot or damage the shoe, but they rarely delay the journey, if the traveler be not faint-hearted and craven. I will treat the whole incident in a higher spirit. I will wait for their coming in that tranquil and assured condition of mind which is the ripe fruit of a real insight into mankind. Pitt said, after long years of experience, that there was more of good than of bad in human nature. Let it be the remark of some future biographer that Potts agreed with him."

When I got back to the inn I was somewhat puzzled what to do. It would have been impossible with any success to have resumed my former tone of command, and for the life of me I could not bring myself down to any thing like entreaty. While I thus stood, uncertain how to act, the old waiter approached me, almost courteously, and said my room was ready for me when I wished it.

"I will first of all wait upon the traveler in No. 8," said I.

"He has retired for the night," was the answer. "He seems in very delicate health, and the fatigue of the journey has overcome him."

"To-morrow will do, then," said I, easily; and not venturing upon any inquiry as to the means by which my room was at my disposal, I took my candle and mounted the stairs.

As I lay down in my bed I resolved I would take a calm survey of my past life: what I had done, what I had failed to do, what were the guiding principles which directed me, and whether they were like to teach me. But scarcely had I administered to myself the preliminary oath to tell nothing but the truth, than I fell off sound asleep.

My first waking thought the next morning was to inquire if two persons had arrived in search of me—an elderly man and a young woman. I described them. None such had been seen. "They will have sought shelter in some of the humbler inns," thought I; "I'll up and look after them." I searched the town from end to end; I visited the meanest halting-places of the wayfarer; I inquired at the police bureaus—at the gate—but none had arrived who bore any resemblance to those I asked after. I was vexed—only vexed at first—but gradually I found myself growing distrustful. The suspicion that the ice is not strong enough for your weight, and then, close upon that, the shock of fear that strikes you when the loud crash of a fracture breaks on the ear, are mere symbols of what one suffers at the first glimmering of a betrayal. I repelled the thought with indignation; but certain thoughts there are which, when turned out, stand like sturdy duns at the gate, and will not be sent away. This was one of them. It followed me wherever I went, importunately begging for a hearing, and menacing me with sad consequences if I were obdurate enough not to listen. "You are a simpleton, Potts—a weak, foolish, erring creature! and you select as the objects of your confidence those whose lives of accident present exactly as the most irresistible of all temptations to them—the Dupe! How they must have laughed—how they must yet be laughing at you! How that old drunken fox will chuckle over your simplicity, and the minx Tintenfleck indulge herself in caricatures of your figure and face! I wonder how much of truth there was in that old fellow's story? Was he ever the syndic of his village, or was the whole narrative a mere fiction like—like—" I covered my face with my hands in shame as I muttered out, "like one of your own, Potts?"

I was very miserable when I arrived at this, for I could no longer stand proudly forward as the prosecutor, but was obliged to steal ignominiously into the dock and take my place beside the other prisoners. What became of all my honest indignation as I bethought me that I of all men could never arraign the counterfeit and the sham? No, no, there is a Nemesis for this as for all the other faults of one's nature, and as we see fish chased and devoured by other fish, who themselves have persecutors, so they who deceive must in their turn be deceived; the one grand ground of consolation which remains to the honest dupe—the sense of having deserved better—is lost to him who is a knave toward others.

"Let them go, then," cried I, "and prosper if they can; I will never pursue them. I will even try and remember what pleased and interested me in their fortunes, and, if it may be, forget that they have carried away my little all of wealth."

A loud tramping of post-horses, and the cracking of whips, drew me to the window, and I saw beneath in the court-yard a handsome traveling-britschka getting ready for the road. Oh how suggestive is a well-cushioned calèche, with its many appliances of ease and luxury, its trim imperials, its scattered litter of wrappers and guide-books—all little episodes of those who are to journey in it!

"Who are the happy souls about to travel thus enjoyably?" thought I, as I saw the waiter and the courier discussing the most convenient spot to deposit a small hamper with eatables for the road; and then I heard the landlady's voice call out,

"Take up the bill to No. 8."

So, then, this was No. 8 who was fast getting ready to depart—No. 8, who had interposed in my favor the evening before, and toward whom a night's rest and some reflection had modified my feelings and changed my sentiments very remarkably.

"Will you ask the gentleman at No. 8 if I may be permitted to speak with him?" said I to the man who took in the bill.

"He'll scarcely see you now—he's just going off."

"Give the message as I speak it," said I; and he disappeared.

There was a long interval before he issued forth again, and when he did so he was flurried and excited. Some overcharges had to be taken off, and some bad money in change to be replaced by honest coin, and it was evident that various little well-intended rogueries had not achieved their usual success.

"Go in, you'll find him there," said the waiter, insolently, as he went down to have the bill rectified.

I knocked. A full, round voice cried, "Come in!" and I entered.

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